SUMMER ISSUE
No. 8

PLASTIC MAN

10¢

PRIMES CRIME for the PAY-OFF!

Here's the Greatest BILLFOLD BARGAIN in all America!

4 BIG VALUES in ONE

All for only $1.98

- ★ *This Smart Leather Billfold and Pass Case*
- ★ *Handy, Built-In Coin Holder For Your Loose Change*
- ★ *Genuine Rabbit's Foot Key Holder With Flexible Gilt Chain*
- ★ *3-Color Identification Plate*

Beautifully Engraved with Your Name, Address and Social Security Number

YOU GET THIS! Smart looking, beautifully styled Leather billfold with Pass Case to hold important bills and credit cards. Convenient snap fastener locks securely in place. Your valuables can't fall out!

Your Permanent Engraved Identification and Social Security Tag

Clear-View CELLULOID PASS LEAVES

COIN HOLDER IS SECURELY RIVETED TO BILLFOLD

Here's The BUILT-In COIN HOLDER

This Smart LEATHER BILLFOLD Comes to You Complete with

- ★ Large Built-In COIN HOLDER
- ★ A Self-Contained PASS CASE
- ★ Rabbit's Foot KEY HOLDER with Chain
- ★ An Engraved IDENTIFICATION PLATE

YOUR FULL NAME, Address, City and State is BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED on the 3-Color Social Security Plate!!

Here's something new in a billfold. Without a doubt the handiest and greatest Billfold Bargain that you'll be likely to see for a good many years to come. Designed by skilled Billfold craftsmen and made available to our customers at a price that's sensationally low for a billfold with so many unusual features. If you have shopped around you know that it is virtually impossible to get even an ordinary type billfold which holds just currency for less than $2.00. Then take a good look at this new smart Leather Billfold and see all you get for only $1.98. Besides the spacious compartment at the back which can be used for currency, checks, papers, etc., there's a beautiful plastic Coin Holder for your loose change built right into your billfold. Then there's a built-in Pass Case with 4 pockets each protected by celluloid to prevent the soiling of your valuable membership and credit cards. We also send you a genuine Rabbit's Foot and attached Gilt Chain for your keys in addition to a specially designed 3-color Emergency Identification Plate, on which we engrave your Social Security Number, your name and your address.

Man, here's a billfold for you. Actually 4 Big Values in One. Everything you need, everything you use regularly, right where you want them. Easy to get at! Handy! Efficient! Durably made! The neatest, most complete Billfold you've ever seen. So rush your order today. If after receiving your Billfold you don't agree that this is the most outstanding bargain you ever came across, return it and we'll cheerfully refund your money.

DeLuxe VALUE — Smart STYLING

YOU GET THIS! Genuine Rabbit's Foot Key Holder with Flexible Gilt Chain in addition to Handy Coin Holder which is securely fastened to the Billfold as pictured above.

YOU GET THIS! A beautiful 3-color Emergency Identification Plate which carries your full name, address and Social Security Number. A perfect identification record for you.

NOTE: No C.O.D. Orders to Canada

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART (227 LOYOLA AVE., CHICAGO 26, ILL.)

RUSH THIS COUPON for THIS ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME BARGAIN!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 9407
1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.

☐ Please rush me the "Smart Leather Pass Case Billfold" with Built-in Coin Holder, genuine Rabbit's Foot Key Holder and engraved 3-Color Social Security Plate. On arrival I will pay postman only $1.98 plus 20% Federal Tax and fee rents postage and C.O.D. charges. It is understood that if I am not positively thrilled and delighted in every way I can return the billfold within 10 days for full refund.

MY FULL NAME _____ (PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

☐ To save shipping charges I am enclosing in advance $1.98 plus 20% Federal Excise tax (total $2.37). ● Social Security No. _____

Please ship my Billfold order all postage charges prepaid.

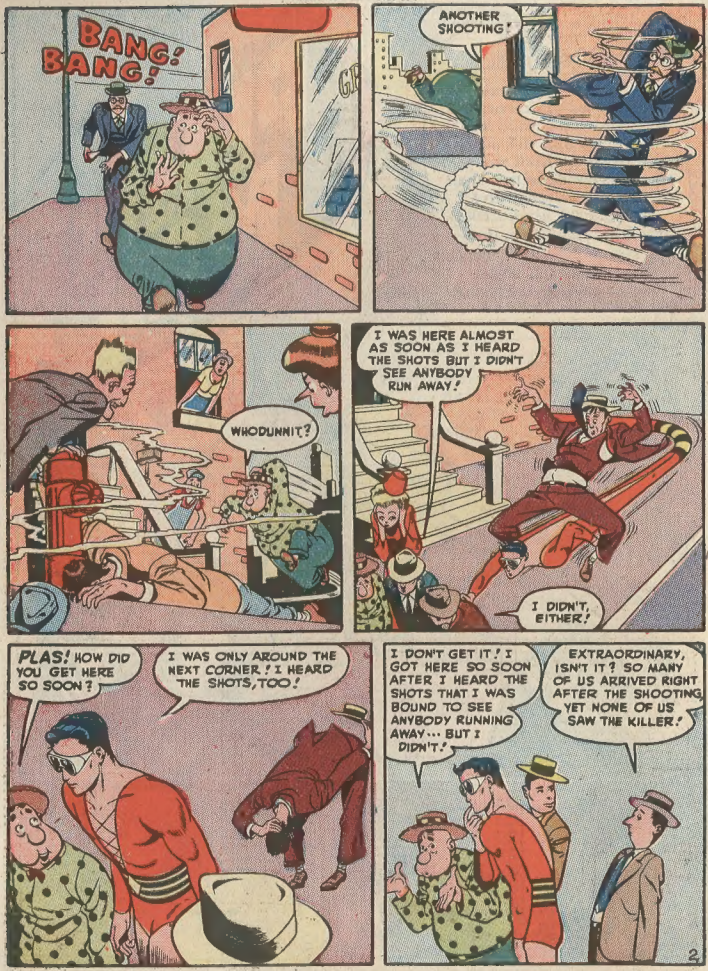
SEND NO MONEY!

JUST MAIL THIS COUPON *TODAY*

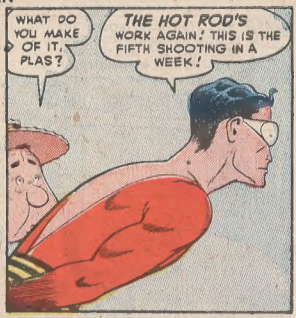
PLASTIC MAN, Summer, 1947, No. 8. Published quarterly by Comic Magazines, 6 Lord Street, Buffalo, N. Y. Executive Offices, Gurley Building, 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager, George E. Brenner, Editor. Entered as 2nd class matter Nov. 21, 1945 at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Copyright 1947 by Comic Magazines. Printed in U. S. A.

He was known as *The Hot Rod!* He prided himself on the cold-blooded efficiency with which he could kill for a price and the meek appearance, which made him seem more harmless than a million other men!

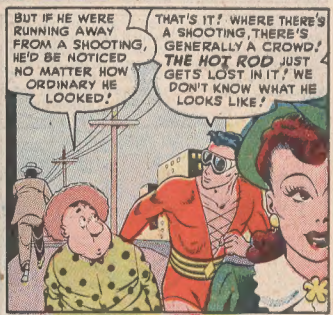
But could his murderous gun keep him free of the snare that science and **PLASTIC MAN** were laying for him?


BANG! BANG!
ANOTHER SHOOTING!
WHODUNNIT?
I WAS HERE ALMOST AS SOON AS I HEARD THE SHOTS BUT I DIDN'T SEE ANYBODY RUN AWAY!
I DIDN'T, EITHER!
PLAS! HOW DID YOU GET HERE SO SOON?
I WAS ONLY AROUND THE NEXT CORNER! I HEARD THE SHOTS, TOO!
I DON'T GET IT! I GOT HERE SO SOON AFTER I HEARD THE SHOTS THAT I WAS BOUND TO SEE ANYBODY RUNNING AWAY··· BUT I DIDN'T!
EXTRAORDINARY, ISN'T IT? SO MANY OF US ARRIVED RIGHT AFTER THE SHOOTING, YET NONE OF US SAW THE KILLER!
2

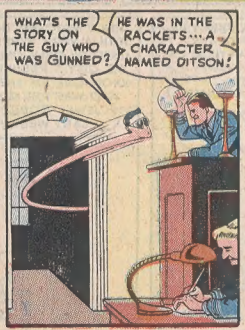
I'LL LOOK IN AT HEADQUARTERS AFTER YOU BOYS GET ALL THE ROUTINE DOPE ON THE CORPSE!


WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, PLAS?
THE HOT ROD'S WORK AGAIN! THIS IS THE FIFTH SHOOTING IN A WEEK!

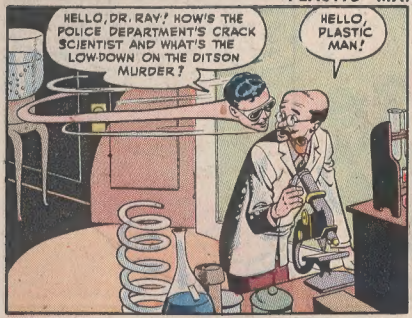
BUT WE DIDN'T SEE ANY-BODY SUSPICIOUS!
I'VE HEARD FROM UNDERWORLD CHARAC-TERS, WHO CLAIM THEY GOT THE STORY SECOND HAND, THAT THE HOT ROD BOASTS HE LOOKS LIKE ANY BANK CLERK OR FACTORY WORKER OR ANY ORDINARY GUY!

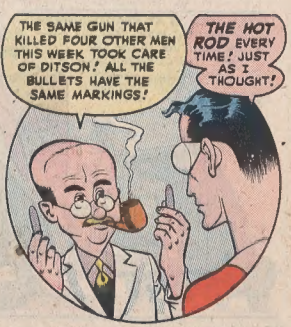

BUT IF HE WERE RUNNING AWAY FROM A SHOOTING, HE'D BE NOTICED NO MATTER HOW ORDINARY HE LOOKED!
THAT'S IT! WHERE THERE'S A SHOOTING, THERE'S GENERALLY A CROWD! THE HOT ROD JUST GETS LOST IN IT! WE DON'T KNOW WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE!

IT AIN'T FAIR! IF HE'S A KILLER, HE OUGHT TO GIVE US LAWMEN A BREAK AND LOOK LIKE A KILLER··· INSTEAD OF PALMING HIMSELF OFF AS AN HONEST CITIZEN!
I'M HOPING TO FIND A WAY TO MAKE HIM STAND OUT AS A KILLER! SEE YOU LATER, WOOZY!

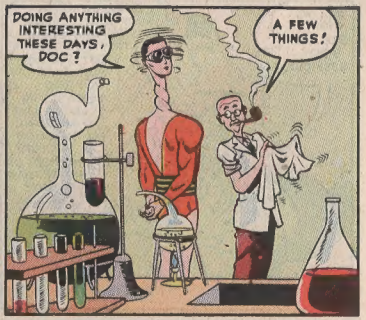

WHAT'S THE STORY ON THE GUY WHO WAS GUNNED?
HE WAS IN THE RACKETS···A CHARACTER NAMED DITSON!

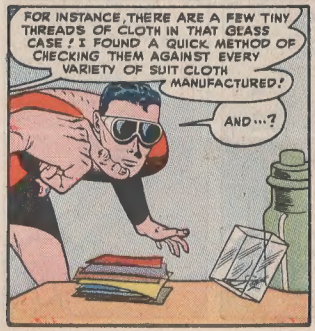
LAB
HMM! NO GREAT LOSS! BUT THE HOT ROD'LL KILL ANYBODY··GOOD OR BAD··· IF THE PRICE IS RIGHT! HE MUST BE STOPPED!

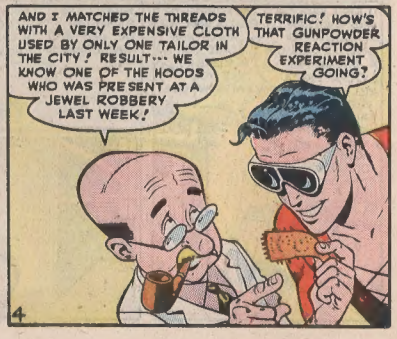

HELLO, DR. RAY! HOW'S THE POLICE DEPARTMENT'S CRACK SCIENTIST AND WHAT'S THE LOW-DOWN ON THE DITSON MURDER?
HELLO, PLASTIC MAN!


THE SAME GUN THAT KILLED FOUR OTHER MEN THIS WEEK TOOK CARE OF DITSON! ALL THE BULLETS HAVE THE SAME MARKINGS!
THE HOT ROD EVERY TIME! JUST AS I THOUGHT!

YOU BEEN GETTING ANY CLOSER TO HIM? THE BOYS IN THE DEPARTMENT HAVEN'T HAD MUCH LUCK!
NOT A BIT! BUT I'M NOT GIVING UP! TWO OF HIS VICTIMS WERE WANTED FOR QUESTIONING BY THE F.B.I. AND THAT MAKES THIS KILLING F.B.I BUSINESS, TOO!

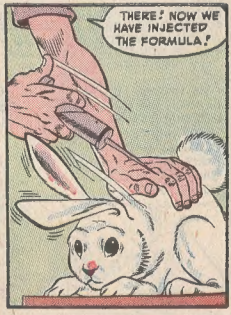

DOING ANYTHING INTERESTING THESE DAYS, DOC?
A FEW THINGS!


FOR INSTANCE, THERE ARE A FEW TINY THREADS OF CLOTH IN THAT GEASS CASE / I FOUND A QUICK METHOD OF CHECKING THEM AGAINST EVERY VARIETY OF SUIT CLOTH MANUFACTURED!
AND...?

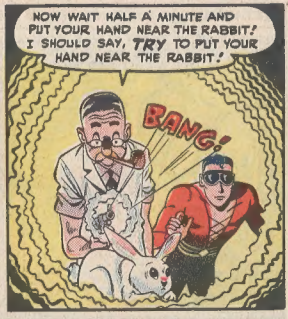

AND I MATCHED THE THREADS WITH A VERY EXPENSIVE CLOTH USED BY ONLY ONE TAILOR IN THE CITY! RESULT... WE KNOW ONE OF THE HOODS WHO WAS PRESENT AT A JEWEL ROBBERY LAST WEEK!
TERRIFIC! HOW'S THAT GUNPOWDER REACTION EXPERIMENT GOING?
4

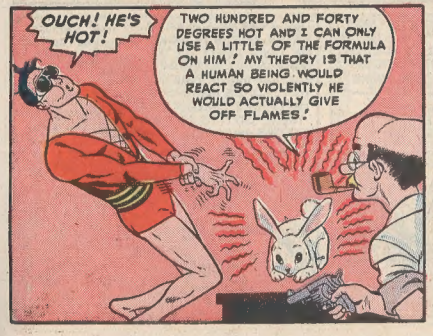
SPLENDIDLY, SO FAR AS I'VE BEEN ABLE TO GO! LET ME SHOW YOU!

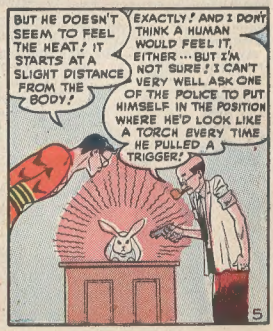
IT HAS A DEFINITE EFFECT ON RABBITS! I HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE THE EFFECT WOULD BE FAR MORE PRONOUNCED ON HUMANS! YOU'LL SOON SEE WHY I HESITATE TO TRY IT OUT ON HUMANS, HOWEVER!

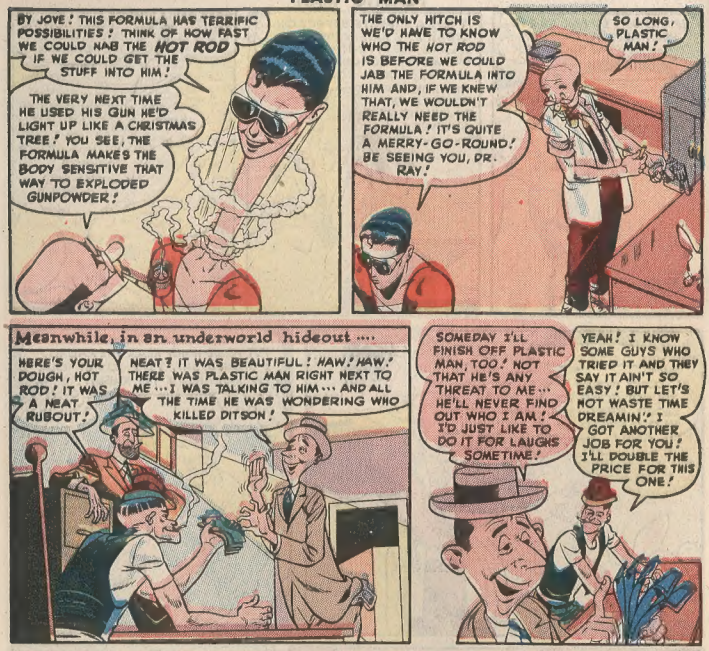

THERE! NOW WE HAVE INJECTED THE FORMULA!

DON'T WORRY! I'M NOT GOING TO SHOOT JERRY··· HE'S AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE!


NOW WAIT HALF A MINUTE AND PUT YOUR HAND NEAR THE RABBIT! I SHOULD SAY, TRY TO PUT YOUR HAND NEAR THE RABBIT!
BANG!

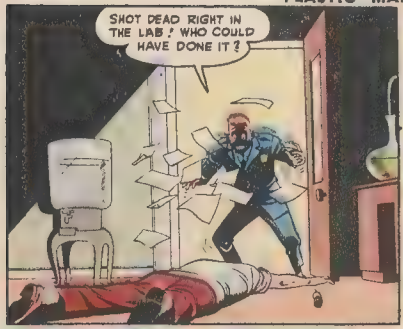

OUCH! HE'S HOT!
TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY DEGREES HOT AND I CAN ONLY USE A LITTLE OF THE FORMULA ON HIM! MY THEORY IS THAT A HUMAN BEING WOULD REACT SO VIOLENTLY HE WOULD ACTUALLY GIVE OFF FLAMES!


BUT HE DOESN'T SEEM TO FEEL THE HEAT! IT STARTS AT A SLIGHT DISTANCE FROM THE BODY!
EXACTLY! AND I DON'T THINK A HUMAN WOULD FEEL IT, EITHER··· BUT I'M NOT SURE! I CAN'T VERY WELL ASK ONE OF THE POLICE TO PUT HIMSELF IN THE POSITION WHERE HE'D LOOK LIKE A TORCH EVERY TIME HE PULLED A TRIGGER!


BY JOVE! THIS FORMULA HAS TERRIFIC POSSIBILITIES! THINK OF HOW FAST WE COULD NAB THE HOT ROD IF WE COULD GET THE STUFF INTO HIM!
THE VERY NEXT TIME HE USED HIS GUN HE'D LIGHT UP LIKE A CHRISTMAS TREE! YOU SEE, THE FORMULA MAKES THE BODY SENSITIVE THAT WAY TO EXPLODED GUNPOWDER!
THE ONLY HITCH IS WE'D HAVE TO KNOW WHO THE HOT ROD IS BEFORE WE COULD JAB THE FORMULA INTO HIM AND, IF WE KNEW THAT, WE WOULDN'T REALLY NEED THE FORMULA! IT'S QUITE A MERRY-GO-ROUND! BE SEEING YOU, DR. RAY!
SO LONG, PLASTIC MAN!
Meanwhile, in an underworld hideout ....
HERE'S YOUR DOUGH, HOT ROD! IT WAS A NEAT RUBOUT!
NEAT? IT WAS BEAUTIFUL! HAW! HAW! THERE WAS PLASTIC MAN RIGHT NEXT TO ME ... I WAS TALKING TO HIM ... AND ALL THE TIME HE WAS WONDERING WHO KILLED DITSON!
SOMEDAY I'LL FINISH OFF PLASTIC MAN, TOO! NOT THAT HE'S ANY THREAT TO ME ... HE'LL NEVER FIND OUT WHO I AM! I'D JUST LIKE TO DO IT FOR LAUGHS SOMETIME!
YEAH! I KNOW SOME GUYS WHO TRIED IT AND THEY SAY IT AIN'T SO EASY! BUT LET'S NOT WASTE TIME DREAMIN'! I GOT ANOTHER JOB FOR YOU! I'LL DOUBLE THE PRICE FOR THIS ONE!
TRIPLE IT AND START TALKING! MY TRIGGER FINGER'S ITCHING!
WE GOT A TIP FROM A GUY WHO WORKS FOR LEFTY'S TAILOR! DR. RAY, THE POLICE SCIENTIST, WAS DOWN THERE TODAY LOOKING FOR HUNKS OF CLOTH!
THAT DR. RAY'S A WIZARD! MAYBE HE'S GOT SOME WAY OF TYING LEFTY TO THE BING JEWEL ROBBERY! HE'S HAD TOO MUCH TIME ALREADY! WE'D ALL BE NABBED IF LEFTY WAS CAUGHT! SO YOU'VE GOT TO GET HIM RIGHT AWAY!
CHECK! THAT'LL COST FIFTEEN GRAND!

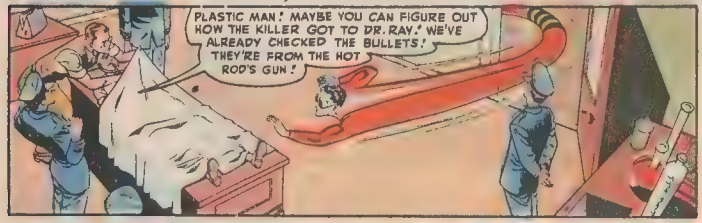
ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! YOU'LL GET THE MONEY! NOW GET GOING!
IT'LL BE A PLEASURE!
GETTING LOST IN A CROWD AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS MAY NOT BE EASY! THEY DON'T OFTEN HAVE CROWDS THERE! I NEED AN IDEA!
I HAVE IT! IT'S THREE-FORTY! AT FOUR O'CLOCK, THE POLICE DETAILS CHANGE SHIFTS! THEY MARCH IN AND OUT LIKE A BUNCH SCHOOLBOY CADETS, AND I CAN BE ONE OF THEM! I HAVE JUST ENOUGH TIME TO GET A UNIFORM FROM TERRY, THE FENCE!
A little later...
AS SOON AS THEY START MOVING AGAIN, I'LL SLIP OUT OF LINE AND FIND THE LABORATORY!
NOBODY NOTICED ME GETTING OUT!
THAT FINISHES MY REPORT ON THE SUIT CLOTH! I CAN TURN IT OVER TO THE INSPECTOR NOW!
HAW! HAW! GUESS AGAIN, DOC! YOU'LL NEVER TURN OVER ANOTHER REPORT TO ANYBODY!
WHO ARE YOU? YOU DON'T DARE...

YOU'RE ONE COPPER I DON'T MIND TELLING WHO I AM! YOU'LL NEVER TELL ANYBODY ELSE! I'M CALLED THE HOT ROD! WANT TO SEE WHY?
BANG! BANG!
CATCH ON? HAW! HAW!
OH-H! I MUST··· I MUST GET IT DONE! PLASTIC MAN WILL KNOW!
LIE DOWN, SUCKER ··· OR DO YOU NEED ANOTHER BULLET? YOU CAN'T DO ANYTHING NOW!
I MUST···
OUCH!
I'VE DONE IT! YOU'RE MARKED NOW, HOT ROD! YOU'LL NEVER SHOOT ANOTHER MAN AND GET AWAY WITH IT! IT'LL SHOW ALL OVER YOU!
WHY YOU #@*××!!& ··I OUGHT TO···! AW, WHAT'S THE USE? HE'S DEAD!
WHAT WAS THAT HE SAID ABOUT IT SHOWING ON ME NEXT TIME I SHOT SOMEBODY? AND WHAT WAS THAT STUFF HE JABBED INTO ME? AW, HE WAS JUST TRYIN' TO KNOCK A SCARE INTO ME, I GUESS!
I GOT OUT JUST IN TIME! NOW I CAN SIMPLY WALK OUT THROUGH THE FRONT ENTRANCE!
LAB

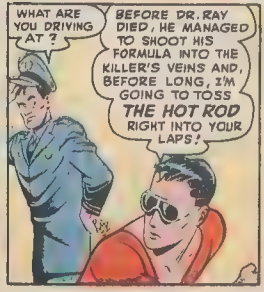

SHOT DEAD RIGHT IN THE LAB! WHO COULD HAVE DONE IT?

And at the office of the F.B.I....
PLAS... TAKE A LOOK AT THIS FLASH!

GOOD GRAVY! MORE OF THE HOT-ROD'S WORK?
DR. RAY SHOT DEAD IN HIS LABORATORY AT POLICE HE

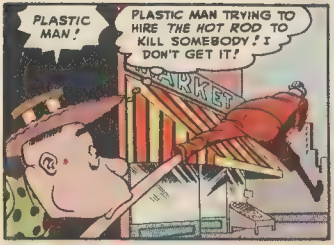

PLASTIC MAN! MAYBE YOU CAN FIGURE OUT HOW THE KILLER GOT TO DR. RAY. WE'VE ALREADY CHECKED THE BULLETS! THEY'RE FROM THE HOT ROD'S GUN!

I DON'T KNOW HOW THE KILLER GOT TO DR. RAY, BUT THIS HYPO WAS ALMOST FULL OF HIS FORMULA WHEN I LEFT! NOW IT'S EMPTY AND, UNLESS I'M MISTAKEN, THAT'S BLOOD ON THE TIP OF THE NEEDLE!

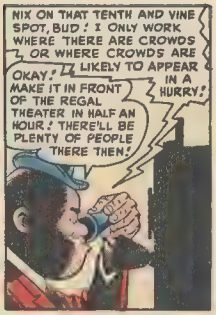

WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING AT?
BEFORE DR. RAY DIED, HE MANAGED TO SHOOT HIS FORMULA INTO THE KILLER'S VEINS AND, BEFORE LONG, I'M GOING TO TOSS THE HOT ROD RIGHT INTO YOUR LAPS!

WHAT'S MORE, I THINK I KNOW HOW TO NAB HIM IN THE SHORTEST POSSIBLE TIME NOW!

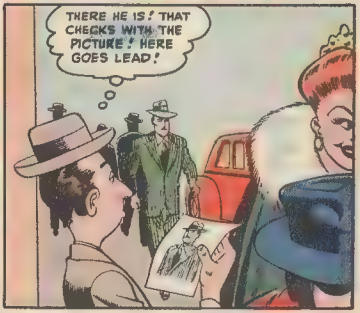
That night in an underworld hangout...
I'LL FIND THE HOT ROD, IF I HAVE TO SEARCH ALL OVER! I'LL BET HE'LL BETRAY HIMSELF IF HE COMES FACE TO FACE WITH MY SCRUTINIZING STARE!
I NEED A GUNSEL, PAL! HE MUST BE THE BEST IN THE BUSINESS! MAYBE YOU COULD PASS THE WORD ALONG TO THE RIGHT PARTY?
I DON'T KNOW NOBODY OR NUTHIN'! YOU'RE WASTIN' YOUR TIME!
THERE'S THIRTY GRAND IN IT FOR HIM, PAL, IF HE'S THE BEST IN THE BUSINESS! YOU KNOW WHO IS THE BEST IN THE BUSINESS, EH? YOU COULD REACH HIM, EH?
COULD BE I MEAN THE HOT ROD, EH!
FOR THAT KIND O' DOUGH... MAYBE! YOU'LL HAVE TO GIVE ME A DEPOSIT FOR HIM, THOUGH!
HERE'S A DEPOSIT AND HERE'S A PICTURE OF THE GUY I WANT GUNNED! TELL THE HOT ROD TO PHONE THE NUMBER ON THE BACK OF THE PICTURE IN ONE HOUR AND I'LL TELL HIM WHERE TO LOOK FOR THE GUY!
I GOTCHA!
I'M GETTING WARM NOW! I'LL JUST TAIL THIS FIEND, THIS HIRER OF KILLERS, AND EVENTUALLY HE'LL LEAD ME TO THE HOT ROD!
AS FOR YOU ... WHY DON'T YOU STAY HOME NIGHTS INSTEAD OF PROWLING AROUND GANGSTERS' HAUNTS?
GRAWK!
10

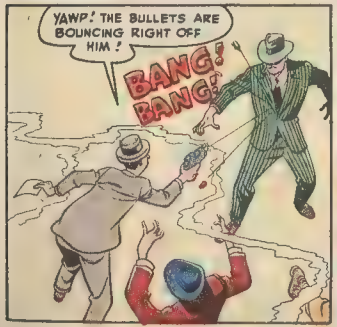

PLASTIC MAN!
PLASTIC MAN TRYING TO HIRE THE HOT ROD TO KILL SOMEBODY! I DON'T GET IT!

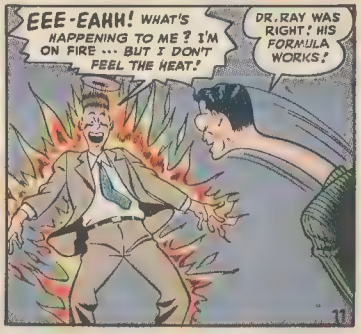
THAT'S THE HOT ROD!
R-R-R-R-G!

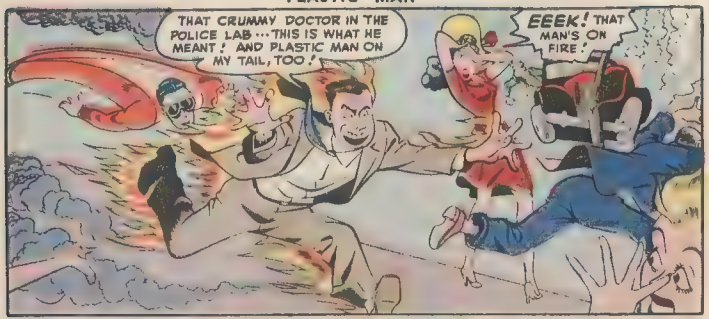

NIX ON THAT TENTH AND VINE SPOT, BUD! I ONLY WORK WHERE THERE ARE CROWDS OR WHERE CROWDS ARE LIKELY TO APPEAR IN A HURRY!
OKAY! MAKE IT IN FRONT OF THE REGAL THEATER IN HALF AN HOUR! THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF PEOPLE THERE THEN!

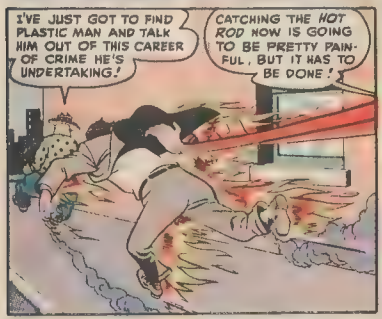
THAT GUY WASN'T KIDDING! THERE IS A MOB HERE BUT WHERE'S MY MAN?
Love in Manila

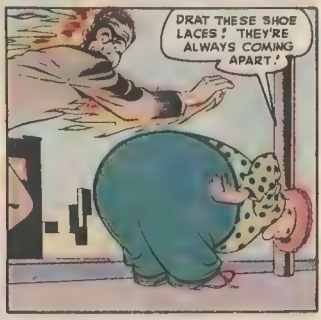

THERE HE IS! THAT CHECKS WITH THE PICTURE! HERE GOES LEAD!


YAWP! THE BULLETS ARE BOUNCING RIGHT OFF HIM!
BANG! BANG!

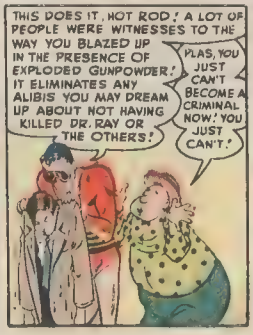

EEE-EAHH! WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME? I'M ON FIRE ... BUT I DON'T FEEL THE HEAT!
DR. RAY WAS RIGHT! HIS FORMULA WORKS!

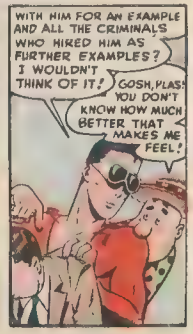

THAT CRUMMY DOCTOR IN THE POLICE LAB ··· THIS IS WHAT HE MEANT! AND PLASTIC MAN ON MY TAIL, TOO!
EEEK! THAT MAN'S ON FIRE!


I'VE JUST GOT TO FIND PLASTIC MAN AND TALK HIM OUT OF THIS CAREER OF CRIME HE'S UNDERTAKING!
CATCHING THE HOT ROD NOW IS GOING TO BE PRETTY PAINFUL, BUT IT HAS TO BE DONE!

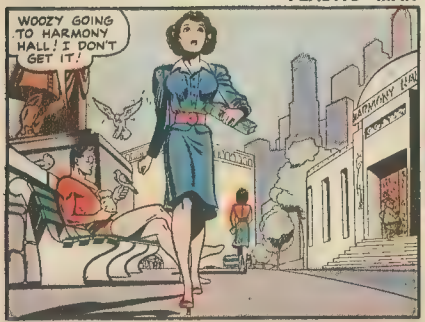

DRAT THESE SHOE LACES! THEY'RE ALWAYS COMING APART!

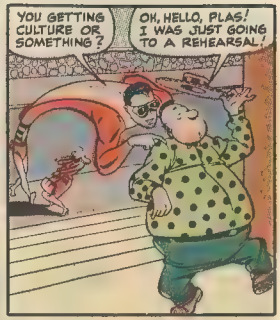
NICE TIMING, WOOZY! YOU COULDN'T HAVE DONE BETTER IF YOU TRIED!
YIPE!
SSSSSSS

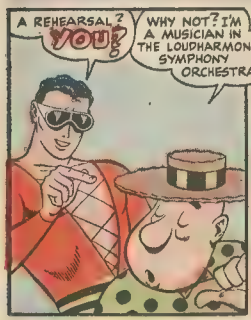

THIS DOES IT, HOT ROD! A LOT OF PEOPLE WERE WITNESSES TO THE WAY YOU BLAZED UP IN THE PRESENCE OF EXPLODED GUNPOWDER! IT ELIMINATES ANY ALIBIS YOU MAY DREAM UP ABOUT NOT HAVING KILLED DR. RAY OR THE OTHERS!
PLAS, YOU JUST CAN'T BECOME A CRIMINAL NOW! YOU JUST CAN'T!


WITH HIM FOR AN EXAMPLE AND ALL THE CRIMINALS WHO HIRED HIM AS FURTHER EXAMPLES? I WOULDN'T THINK OF IT!
GOSH, PLAS! YOU DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH BETTER THAT MAKES ME FEEL!

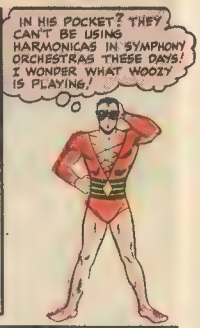
PLASTIC MAN
SHADES OF BACH, BEETHOVEN AND BRAHMS! FIRST WOOZY GOT HIMSELF A JOB WITH THE LOUDHARMONIC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA! THEN THE IMMORTAL COMPOSITIONS OF THE MASTERS BECAME BACKGROUND MUSIC FOR MURDER! AND TO TOP IT OFF, PLASTIC MAN WAS PLAYING DETECTIVE ALL OVER THE CONCERT STAGE! THE WHOLE THING STRUCK A TERRIBLE NOTE!
DYNAMITE
DYNAMITE
DYNAMITE

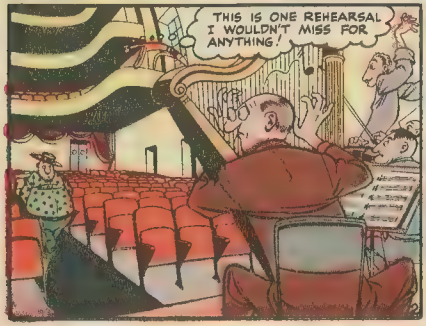

WOOZY GOING TO HARMONY HALL! I DON'T GET IT!
HARMONY HALL

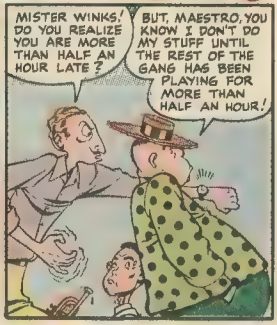

YOU GETTING CULTURE OR SOMETHING?
OH, HELLO, PLAS! I WAS JUST GOING TO A REHEARSAL!

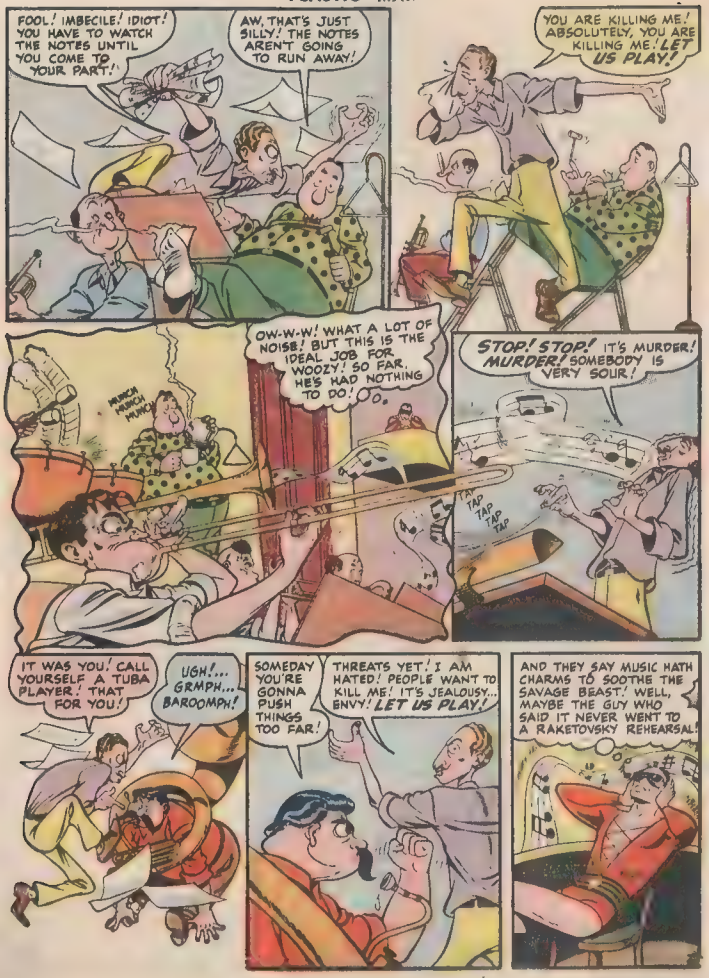

A REHEARSAL? YOU?
WHY NOT? I'M A MUSICIAN IN THE LOUDHARMONIC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA!

IN THAT CASE, WHERE'S YOUR INSTRUMENT?
IN MY POCKET!


IN HIS POCKET? THEY CAN'T BE USING HARMONICAS IN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRAS THESE DAYS! I WONDER WHAT WOOZY IS PLAYING!


THIS IS ONE REHEARSAL I WOULDN'T MISS FOR ANYTHING!

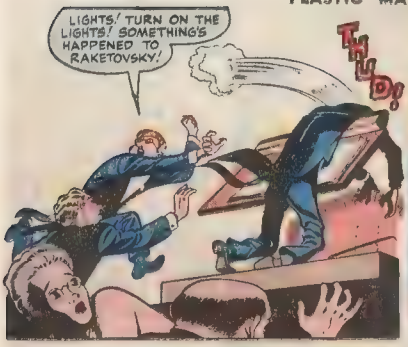

MISTER WINKS! DO YOU REALIZE YOU ARE MORE THAN HALF AN HOUR LATE?
BUT, MAESTRO, YOU KNOW I DON'T DO MY STUFF UNTIL THE REST OF THE GANG HAS BEEN PLAYING FOR MORE THAN HALF AN HOUR!


FOOL! IMBECILE! IDIOT! YOU HAVE TO WATCH THE NOTES UNTIL YOU COME TO YOUR PART!
AW, THAT'S JUST SILLY! THE NOTES AREN'T GOING TO RUN AWAY!
YOU ARE KILLING ME! ABSOLUTELY, YOU ARE KILLING ME! LET US PLAY!
OW-W-W! WHAT A LOT OF NOISE! BUT THIS IS THE IDEAL JOB FOR WOOZY! SO FAR, HE'S HAD NOTHING TO DO!
MUNCH MUNCH MUNCH
STOP! STOP! MURDER! IT'S MURDER! SOMEBODY IS VERY SOUR!
TAP TAP TAP TAP
IT WAS YOU! CALL YOURSELF A TUBA PLAYER! THAT FOR YOU!
UGH!... GRMPH... BAROOMPH!
SOMEDAY YOU'RE GONNA PUSH THINGS TOO FAR!
THREATS YET! I AM HATED! PEOPLE WANT TO KILL ME! IT'S JEALOUSY... ENVY! LET US PLAY!
AND THEY SAY MUSIC HATH CHARMS TO SOOTHE THE SAVAGE BEAST! WELL, MAYBE THE GUY WHO SAID IT NEVER WENT TO A RAKETOVSKY REHEARSAL!

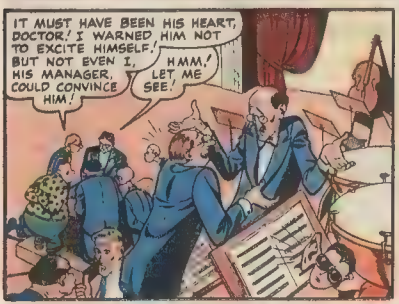
GR-R-R! STOP! MURDERERS! FIENDS! DEMONS! STOP! SOMEBODY IS TRYING TO SNEAK OVER A BOOGIE BEAT!
YOU... CHARLATAN! YOU DID THIS! I HEARD IT! SWING MUSIC YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE ME YET!
OVER MY DEAD BODY YOU'LL PUT SWING RHYTHMS INTO A SYMPHONY INTERPRETED BY RAKETOVSKY! OVER MY DEAD BODY, DO YOU HEAR?
The Rehearsal Continues...
THINGS ARE GETTING DULL! THEY'VE BEEN PLAYING FOR MORE THAN HALF AN HOUR AND RAKETOVSKY HASN'T TRIED TO MURDER ANYBODY!
ZZZZ
WELL? WINKS! WINKS! THE TRIANGLE!
OH... ME? THERE YOU ARE, MAESTRO!
KA-ZAK
CLOD! OAF! YOU WERE NOT WATCHING THE NOTES! YOU DID NOT KNOW WHEN YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO PLAY!
OH, DON'T GET UPSET ABOUT IT NOW, MAESTRO! AFTER ALL, I FINALLY SLUGGED THAT TRIANGLE AND THAT'S WHAT COUNTS!
ENOUGH! TWO MORE MINUTES OF THIS AND I DIE! THE REHEARSAL IS OVER! I DO NOT HAVE TO LOOK AT YOUR UGLY FACES AGAIN UNTIL THE CONCERT TONIGHT!
OH, DR. RAKETOVSKY!

I HAVE BEEN CHOSEN TO REPORT TO YOU THAT THE LOUDHARMONIC BOARD HAS UNANIMOUSLY AGREED THAT YOU CANNOT BE PERMITTED TO USE THE NEON LIGHTED BATON IN A DARKENED CONCERT HALL TONIGHT!
WHAT? MORE CONSPIRACIES! MORE PLOTS!
THE BOARD HAS DECIDED THAT IT WOULD DETRACT FROM THE DIGNITY OF THE PERFORMANCE! IN SHORT, WE THINK IT'S TOO FLASHY!
I DO NOT CARE WHAT YOU THINK! TO ME, A NEON LIGHTED BATON IS A SOURCE OF INSPIRATION AND TONIGHT I CONDUCT WITH ONE!
MY FATHER AND GRANDFATHER WERE CHAIRMEN OF THE LOUDHARMONIC AND YOU WANT TO TURN A LOUDHARMONIC CONCERT INTO A SENSATIONAL SIDE-SHOW! I'LL SEE YOU DEAD BEFORE I'LL PERMIT IT!
TONIGHT I CONDUCT WITH A NEON LIGHTED BATON!
WHEW! THAT RAKETOVSKY SURE IS A POPULAR GUY!
EXIT DOOR
WOOZY, YOU'RE A TERRIFIC MUSICIAN! HOW'D YOU GET THE JOB?
OH, IT WAS EASY, PLAS! THE DRUMMER IS A FRIEND OF MINE! HE THOUGHT HE'D HAVE TOO MUCH TO DO IN TONIGHT'S CONCERT WITH ALL THOSE DRUMS AND TRAPS AND STUFF, SO HE GOT ME TO HELP OUT!
YOU SURE RELIEVED HIM OF A HEAVY BURDEN!
THAT'S WHAT I TOLD HIM! I SAID HE'D SAVE WEAR AND TEAR ON HIS NERVES IF HE DIDN'T HAVE TO WAIT AND WATCH FOR THE EXACT MOMENT TO STRIKE THE TRIANGLE!
WAIT'LL YOU HEAR ME TONIGHT, PLAS! I'M GONNA BE GOOD!
WELL, I WASN'T FIGURING ON GOING... BUT AFTER WHAT I'VE SEEN AND HEARD THIS AFTERNOON, IT MIGHT BE FUN!

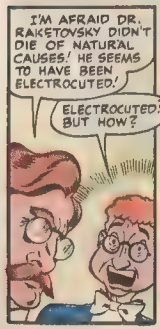
That night...
HERE'S MY ADMISSION, ANYWAY! I WON'T NEED A SEAT
SORRY, NO MORE SEATS! WE'RE SOLD OUT!
BOX OFFICE
THAT GUY'S NUTS!
CLAP
I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SIT IN WITH A BIG ORCHESTRA!
THEY'RE DARKENING THE HALL! LOOKS LIKE RAKETOVSKY IS GOING TO HAVE IT HIS WAY, AFTER ALL!
RAKETOVSKY IS A SHOWMAN, ALL RIGHT! THAT NEON LIGHTED BATON SURE IS EFFECTIVE!
RAKETOVSKY, I WARNED YOU!
SILENCE! RAKETOVSKY IS CONDUCTING!
AGH-HH-H
6


LIGHTS! TURN ON THE LIGHTS! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO RAKETOVSKY!
THUD!

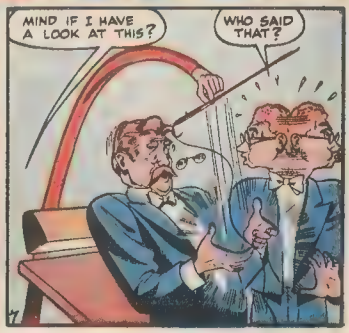
HE'S DEAD! IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?


IT MUST HAVE BEEN HIS HEART, DOCTOR! I WARNED HIM NOT TO EXCITE HIMSELF! BUT NOT EVEN I, HIS MANAGER, COULD CONVINCE HIM!
HMM! LET ME SEE!

HA! HA! ISN'T THAT TOO BAD? I'M REALLY ENJOYING WORK TONIGHT!

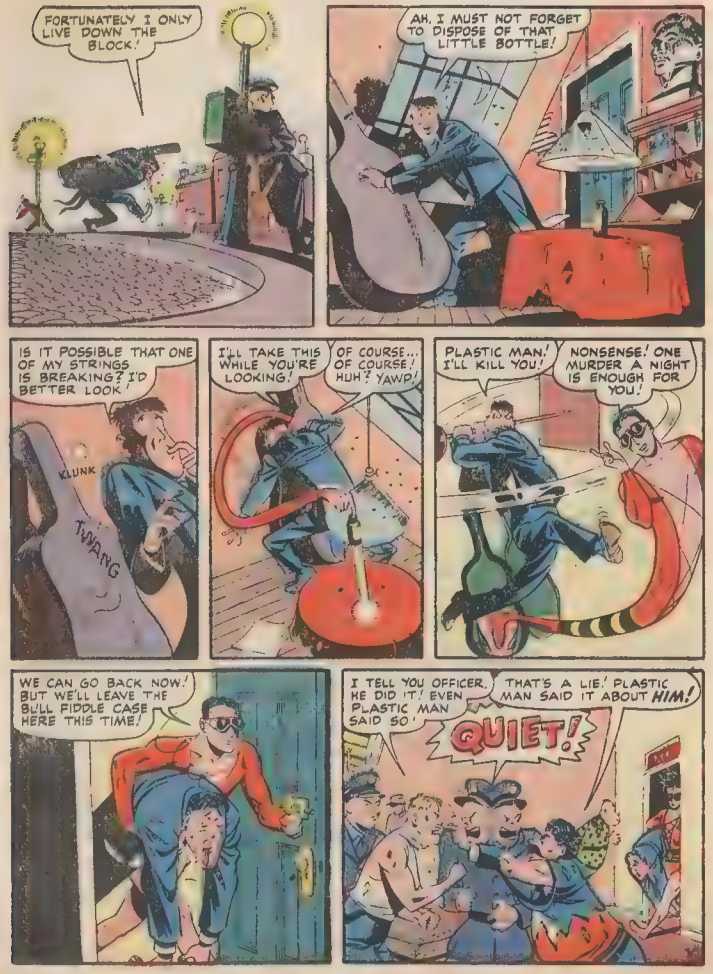

I'M AFRAID DR. RAKETOVSKY DIDN'T DIE OF NATURAL CAUSES! HE SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN ELECTROCUTED!
ELECTROCUTED? BUT HOW?

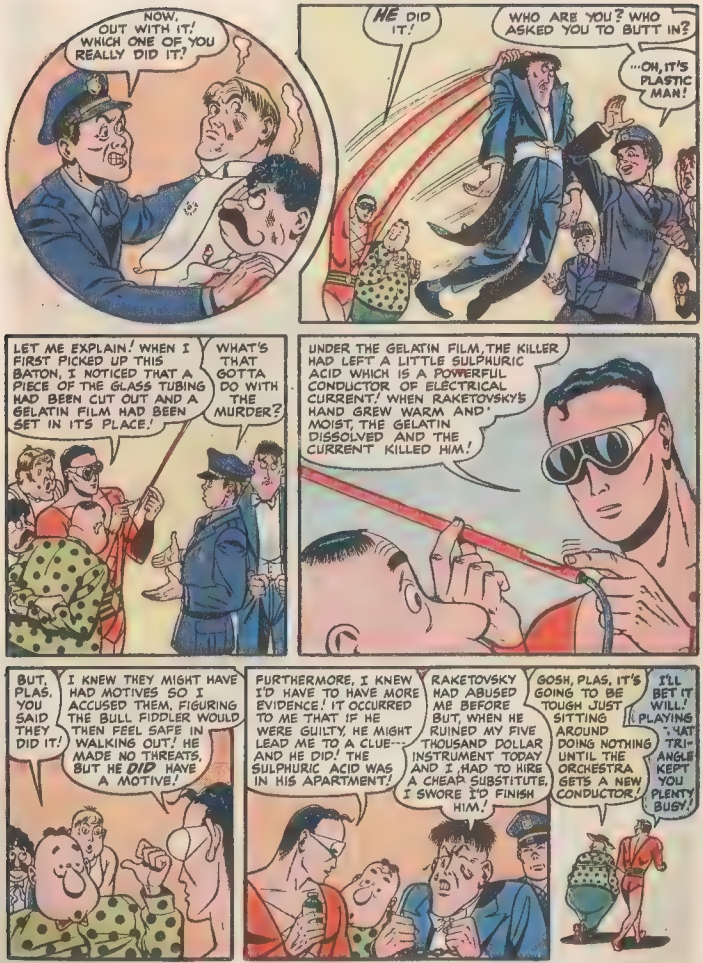
PLAS! HOW'D YOU GET UP HERE?
I'VE BEEN UP HERE A LONG TIME! AND IT SEEMS IT WAS A GOOD IDEA!

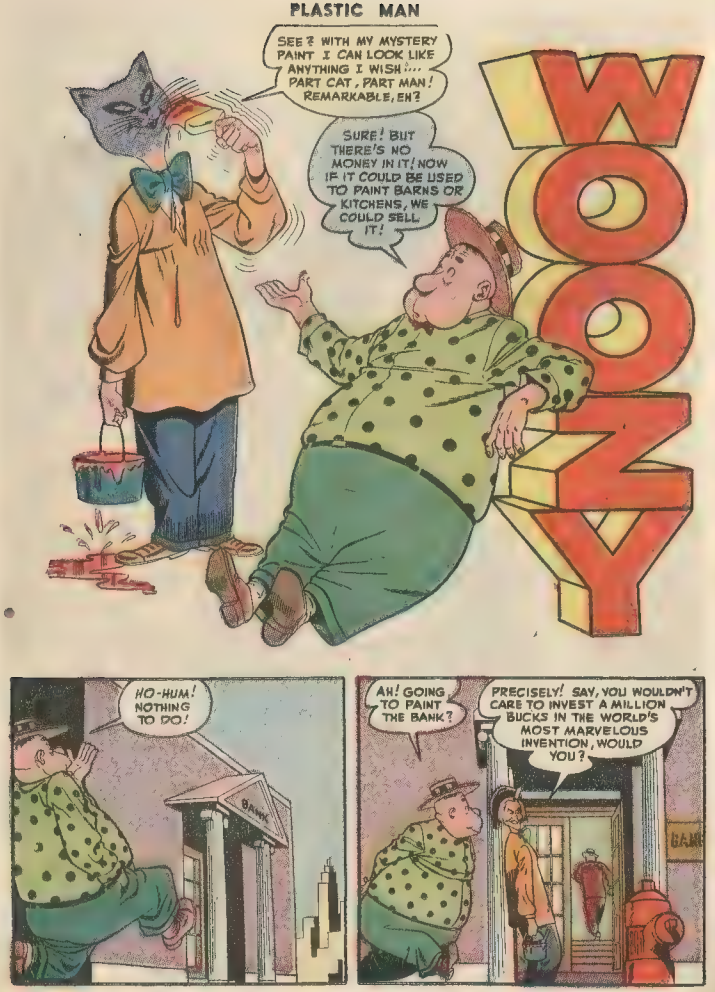

MIND IF I HAVE A LOOK AT THIS?
WHO SAID THAT?

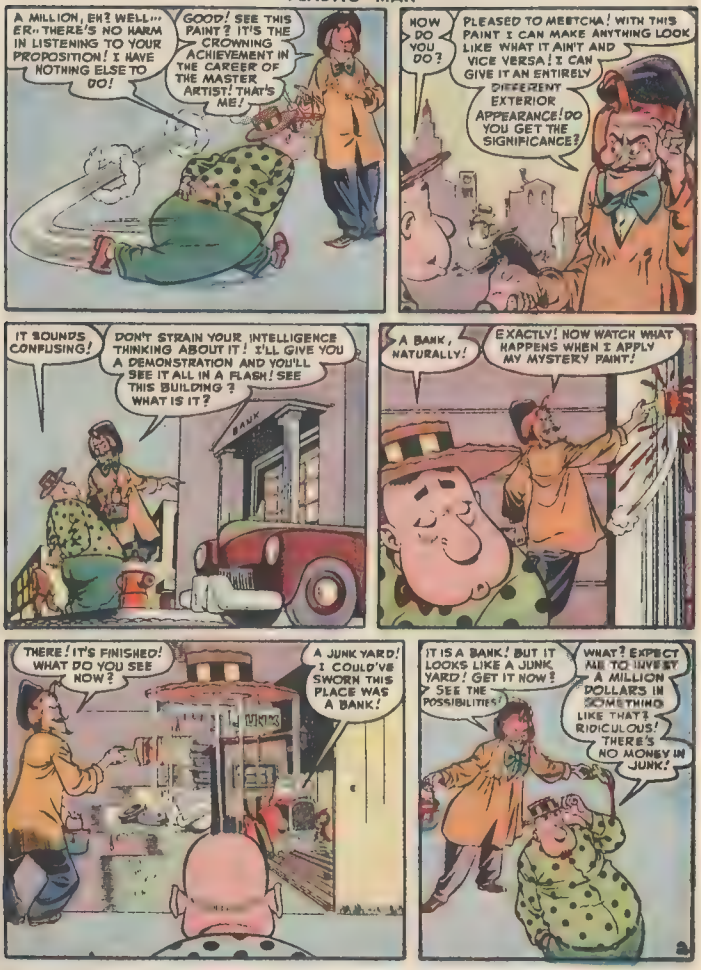
PLASTIC MAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
AT THE MOMENT, I'M OBSERVING HOW THIS BATON WAS USED TO KILL THE CONDUCTOR OF THE LOUDHARMONIC!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? HEY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
DON'T TOUCH THAT BATON! I'LL EXPLAIN LATER! FIRST, I'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE CERTAIN PEOPLE DON'T SKIP OUT!
I GUESS YOU REALLY MEANT IT WHEN YOU SAID YOU'D SEE RAKETOVSKY DEAD BEFORE YOU'D LET HIM CONDUCT WITH A NEON LIGHTED BATON!
HOW DARE YOU, SIR? ARE YOU ACCUSING ME OF MURDER?
KNOCK HIM DOWN, LUCIUS! DON'T LET HIM TALK THAT WAY TO A DINGWITHERS!
I CERTAINLY WILL KNOCK HIM DOWN, MY DEAR!
YES, DO!
LET'S NOT WASTE TIME TEACHING YOU TO BOX, LUCIUS!
YOU CAN'T DO THAT TO LUCIUS! IT ISN'T CRICKET!
BUT THIS CHARGE IS PREPOSTEROUS! HOW COULD I HAVE KILLED RAKETOVSKY WHILE I WAS SITTING IN MY BOX?
WITH THIS BATON!
CONGRATULATIONS, MR. DINGWITHERS! I COULDN'T HAVE THOUGHT UP A NEATER WAY TO POLISH OFF THAT PHONY, MYSELF!

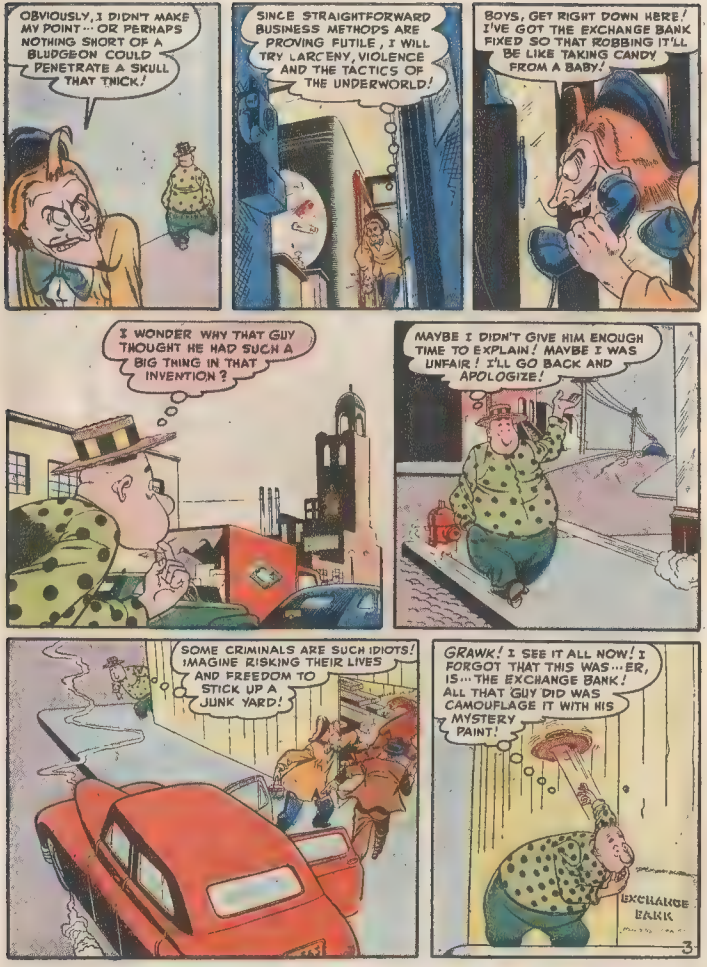
MAYBE YOU DID, AT THAT!
ME...ME? WHY SHOULD I WANT TO KILL MY OLD PAL, RAKETOVSKY?
I HAPPEN TO REMEMBER THAT YOU THREATENED HIM THIS AFTERNOON, WHEN HE SHOVED PART OF YOUR TUBA DOWN YOUR THROAT!
OH, BUT THAT'S SILLY! WHY, I LIKE HAVING MY TUBA SHOVED DOWN MY THROAT! EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT!
THERE YOU ARE! I HAVE NO DOUBT HE'S YOUR MAN! HE'S A VERY VIOLENT CHARACTER! I'VE SEEN HIM HAVE TROUBLE WITH RAKETOVSKY BEFORE!
ARE YOU CALLING ME A MURDERER? WHY YOU STUFFED SHIRT! I'LL TEAR YOU APART! YOU'RE THE GUY WHO KILLED HIM!
VOOM
HEY, PLAS, THESE GUYS ARE GONNA KILL EACH OTHER! HUH? WHERE IS HE? PLAS, WHERE ARE YOU?
STOP! STOP! SOMEBODY CALL THE POLICE!
TSK! TSK! SUCH GOINGS ON! IT'S TERRIBLE FOR MY NERVES! I DOUBT WHETHER THE CONCERT WILL BE CONTINUED TONIGHT... SO I THINK I'LL GO HOME!
ME, TOO!
WHEN MY NERVES GO TO PIECES THIS WAY, EVERYTHING SEEMS TOO MUCH FOR MY STRENGTH! EVEN MY BASS VIOL SEEMS TOO HEAVY TONIGHT!


FORTUNATELY I ONLY LIVE DOWN THE BLOCK!
AH, I MUST NOT FORGET TO DISPOSE OF THAT LITTLE BOTTLE!
IS IT POSSIBLE THAT ONE OF MY STRINGS IS BREAKING? I'D BETTER LOOK!
KLUNK
TWANG
I'LL TAKE THIS WHILE YOU'RE LOOKING!
OF COURSE... OF COURSE! HUH? YAWP!
PLASTIC MAN! I'LL KILL YOU!
NONSENSE! ONE MURDER A NIGHT IS ENOUGH FOR YOU!
WE CAN GO BACK NOW! BUT WE'LL LEAVE THE BULL FIDDLE CASE HERE THIS TIME!
I TELL YOU OFFICER, HE DID IT! EVEN PLASTIC MAN SAID SO!
THAT'S A LIE! PLASTIC MAN SAID IT ABOUT HIM!
QUIET!


NOW, OUT WITH IT! WHICH ONE OF YOU REALLY DID IT?
HE DID IT!
WHO ARE YOU? WHO ASKED YOU TO BUTT IN?
...OH, IT'S PLASTIC MAN!
LET ME EXPLAIN! WHEN I FIRST PICKED UP THIS BATON, I NOTICED THAT A PIECE OF THE GLASS TUBING HAD BEEN CUT OUT AND A GELATIN FILM HAD BEEN SET IN ITS PLACE!
WHAT'S THAT GOTTA DO WITH THE MURDER?
UNDER THE GELATIN FILM, THE KILLER HAD LEFT A LITTLE SULPHURIC ACID WHICH IS A POWERFUL CONDUCTOR OF ELECTRICAL CURRENT! WHEN RAKETOVSKY'S HAND GREW WARM AND MOIST, THE GELATIN DISSOLVED AND THE CURRENT KILLED HIM!
BUT, PLAS, YOU SAID THEY DID IT!
I KNEW THEY MIGHT HAVE HAD MOTIVES SO I ACCUSED THEM, FIGURING THE BULL FIDDLER WOULD THEN FEEL SAFE IN WALKING OUT! HE MADE NO THREATS, BUT HE DID HAVE A MOTIVE!
FURTHERMORE, I KNEW I'D HAVE TO HAVE MORE EVIDENCE! IT OCCURRED TO ME THAT IF HE WERE GUILTY, HE MIGHT LEAD ME TO A CLUE--- AND HE DID! THE SULPHURIC ACID WAS IN HIS APARTMENT!
RAKETOVSKY HAD ABUSED ME BEFORE BUT, WHEN HE RUINED MY FIVE THOUSAND DOLLAR INSTRUMENT TODAY AND I HAD TO HIRE A CHEAP SUBSTITUTE, I SWORE I'D FINISH HIM!
GOSH, PLAS, IT'S GOING TO BE TOUGH JUST SITTING AROUND DOING NOTHING UNTIL THE ORCHESTRA GETS A NEW CONDUCTOR!
I'LL BET IT WILL! PLAYING THAT TRIANGLE KEPT YOU PLENTY BUSY!


SEE? WITH MY MYSTERY PAINT I CAN LOOK LIKE ANYTHING I WISH.... PART CAT, PART MAN! REMARKABLE, EH?
SURE! BUT THERE'S NO MONEY IN IT! NOW IF IT COULD BE USED TO PAINT BARNS OR KITCHENS, WE COULD SELL IT!
WOONY
HO-HUM! NOTHING TO DO!
BANK
AH! GOING TO PAINT THE BANK?
PRECISELY! SAY, YOU WOULDN'T CARE TO INVEST A MILLION BUCKS IN THE WORLD'S MOST MARVELOUS INVENTION, WOULD YOU?
BANK


A MILLION, EH? WELL... ER.. THERE'S NO HARM IN LISTENING TO YOUR PROPOSITION! I HAVE NOTHING ELSE TO DO!
GOOD! SEE THIS PAINT? IT'S THE CROWNING ACHIEVEMENT IN THE CAREER OF THE MASTER ARTIST! THAT'S ME!
HOW DO YOU DO?
PLEASED TO MEETCHA! WITH THIS PAINT I CAN MAKE ANYTHING LOOK LIKE WHAT IT AIN'T AND VICE VERSA! I CAN GIVE IT AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT EXTERIOR APPEARANCE! DO YOU GET THE SIGNIFICANCE?
IT SOUNDS CONFUSING!
DON'T STRAIN YOUR INTELLIGENCE THINKING ABOUT IT! I'LL GIVE YOU A DEMONSTRATION AND YOU'LL SEE IT ALL IN A FLASH! SEE THIS BUILDING? WHAT IS IT?
BANK
A BANK, NATURALLY!
EXACTLY! NOW WATCH WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I APPLY MY MYSTERY PAINT!
THERE! IT'S FINISHED! WHAT DO YOU SEE NOW?
A JUNK YARD! I COULD'VE SWORN THIS PLACE WAS A BANK!
IT IS A BANK! BUT IT LOOKS LIKE A JUNK YARD! GET IT NOW? SEE THE POSSIBILITIES?
WHAT? EXPECT ME TO INVEST A MILLION DOLLARS IN SOMETHING LIKE THAT? RIDICULOUS! THERE'S NO MONEY IN JUNK!

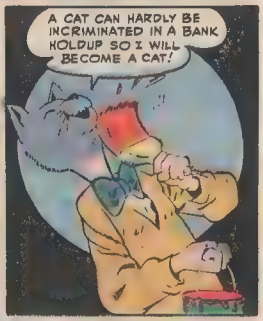

OBVIOUSLY, I DIDN'T MAKE MY POINT··· OR PERHAPS NOTHING SHORT OF A BLUDGEON COULD PENETRATE A SKULL THAT THICK!
SINCE STRAIGHTFORWARD BUSINESS METHODS ARE PROVING FUTILE, I WILL TRY LARCENY, VIOLENCE AND THE TACTICS OF THE UNDERWORLD!
BOYS, GET RIGHT DOWN HERE! I'VE GOT THE EXCHANGE BANK FIXED SO THAT ROBBING IT'LL BE LIKE TAKING CANDY FROM A BABY!
I WONDER WHY THAT GUY THOUGHT HE HAD SUCH A BIG THING IN THAT INVENTION?
MAYBE I DIDN'T GIVE HIM ENOUGH TIME TO EXPLAIN! MAYBE I WAS UNFAIR! I'LL GO BACK AND APOLOGIZE!
SOME CRIMINALS ARE SUCH IDIOTS! IMAGINE RISKING THEIR LIVES AND FREEDOM TO STICK UP A JUNK YARD!
GRAWK! I SEE IT ALL NOW! I FORGOT THAT THIS WAS···ER, IS··· THE EXCHANGE BANK! ALL THAT GUY DID WAS CAMOUFLAGE IT WITH HIS MYSTERY PAINT!
EXCHANGE BANK
3

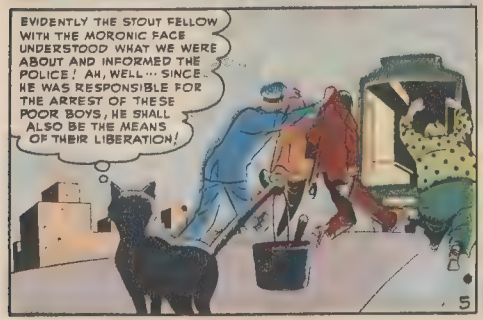
THE STUNT WAS SO GOOD I FORGOT THAT THE JOINT WAS ONCE A BANK... I MEAN, STILL IS A BANK! I'LL GET THE COPS!
HALP! POLICE! BANK ROBBERY!
EEEEEEE
LEAD US TO IT!
THAT WAY!
THE BANDITS ARE INSIDE! I SAW THEM GO IN WITH MY OWN EYES!
HUH?
ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL US BANDITS WOULD ROB THAT BONEYARD?
BUT I SAW 'EM!
YOU'LL GET A YEAR FOR TRYING TO MAKE SAPS OUTA COPS!
LISTEN! SHOTS!
BANG!
BANG!
MAYBE HE'S RIGHT! MAYBE THESE BANDITS ARE LOOKING FOR ANTIQUES!

And inside the bank....
KNUCKLES, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE FIRED THOSE SHOTS AT THE CEILING! IT WAS UNNECESSARY AND INDISCREET!
AW, IT'S DIFFERENT FOR YOU ... YOU'RE ONLY A MASTER ARTIST! YOU DON'T KNOW HOW AWFUL IT IS FOR A BANDIT TO ROB A BANK WITHOUT HEARIN' THE MUSIC HIS ROD MAKES!

YOU HAVE MY SYMPATHY, BUT DON'T BE SURPRISED IF THE SHOTS HAVE ATTRACTED ATTENTION!

JUST AS I THOUGHT!

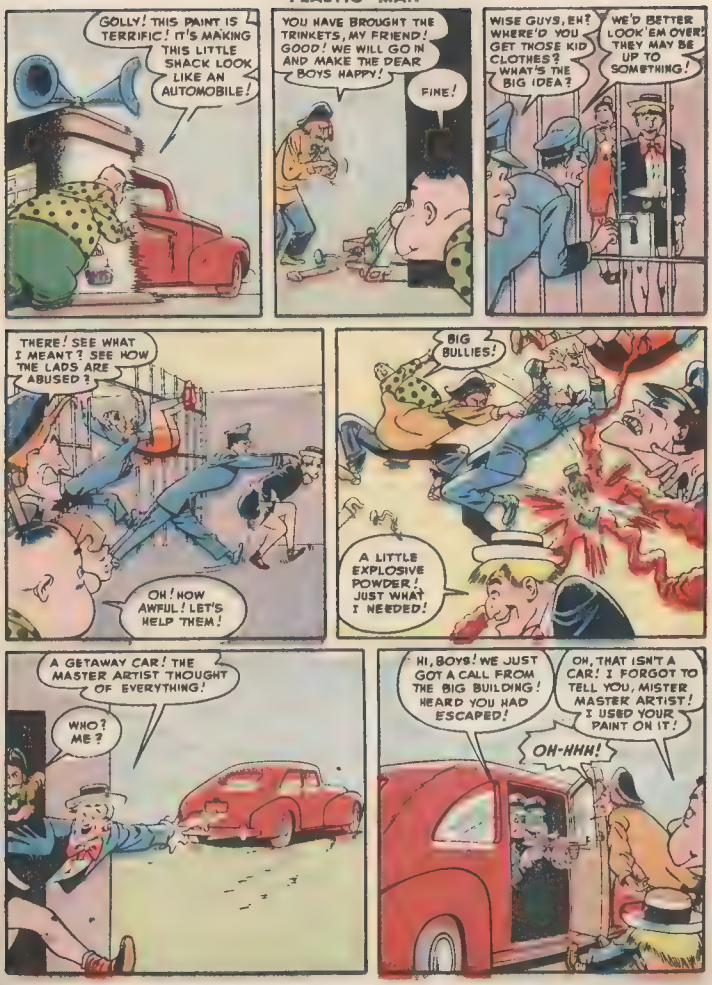

A CAT CAN HARDLY BE INCRIMINATED IN A BANK HOLDUP SO I WILL BECOME A CAT!


EVIDENTLY THE STOUT FELLOW WITH THE MORONIC FACE UNDERSTOOD WHAT WE WERE ABOUT AND INFORMED THE POLICE! AH, WELL ... SINCE HE WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE ARREST OF THESE POOR BOYS, HE SHALL ALSO BE THE MEANS OF THEIR LIBERATION!

GOODBYE, YOU FINE, UP-STANDING, PUBLIC-SPIRITED CITIZEN!
GOODBYE, COPS!

IT SURE WAS SMART OF ME, NIPPING THAT HOLDUP IN THE BUD, SO TO SPEAK! IF IT WEREN'T FOR MY RESOURCEFULNESS, SPLIT-SECOND TIMING AND COURAGE, THOSE BANDITS WOULD BE SCOT FREE RIGHT NOW!
YOU WERE SUPERB, OLD BOY!
I COULD'VE SWORN SOMEBODY SPOKE TO ME!
SOMEBODY DID! SOMEBODY DID!
YAWP! A TALKING CAT!
YOU EXAGGERATE THE PHENOMENON, MY FRIEND!
NOT A TALKING CAT BUT THE MASTER ARTIST DISGUISED BY MY MYSTERY PAINT TO LOOK LIKE A CAT!
YOU!
YOU WERE WITH THOSE GUYS IN THAT HOLDUP! YOU'RE A FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE!
TSK! TSK! SUCH CHARGES! YOU MERELY MADE THE WRONG DEDUCTIONS FROM THE FACTS! I WAS WITH THOSE BANDITS ONLY TO STUDY THEM IN REAL LIFE SO I MIGHT REPRODUCE THEM ON CANVAS LATER! THE ARTIST IN ME, YOU KNOW!
SNIFF SNIFF
OH, THAT'S DIFFERENT! BUT WHAT ARE YOU CRYING ABOUT?
NOT FOR THOSE CRIMINALS, MY FRIEND... YOU MAY BE SURE OF THAT! SNIFF - I WEEP FOR THE PLIGHT OF A GROUP OF LADS WHOSE SUFFERING WAS BROUGHT TO MY ATTENTION IN THE COURSE OF MY SEARCH FOR SUBJECTS FOR MY PAINTINGS!
WHO ARE THEY?

THE POOR LADS IN THE ORPHANAGE! HOW THEY SUFFER! NO TOYS TO PLAY WITH! NO LOVING CARE! ONLY BEATINGS AND ABUSE FROM THEIR SUPPOSED TEACHERS AND COUNSELLORS!
SNIFF SNIFF
THE POOR KIDS! I'M GONNA BUY 'EM A LOAD OF TOYS RIGHT NOW! I KNOW SOME PEOPLE'LL BE GLAD TO CONTRIBUTE TO A CAUSE LIKE THAT! WHAT DO YOU THINK THE BOYS WOULD LIKE?
SNIFF
USEFUL, EDUCATIONAL THINGS! THEY'RE SERIOUS-MINDED BOYS! THEY LIKE TO PLAY WITH DRILLS, SAWS, CHEMICALS! I AM GOING TO VISIT THEM IN ABOUT AN HOUR! IF YOU COULD BRING SOME OF THE TRINKETS, I COULD MEET YOU AT THE ORPHANAGE!
I'LL BE THERE!
OOF!
At the city jail....
ORPHANAGE
PRESTO! THE JAIL TAKES ON THE APPEARANCE OF AN ORPHANAGE!
PSST! MEN! I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU LOOK LIKE LITTLE BOYS!
THE MASTER ARTIST!
JUST A CHANGE OF CLOTHES'LL BE ENOUGH TO CONVINCE MY WEAK-MINDED FRIEND!
BUT BOSS, WE DON'T GET IT! WHAT'S THE ANGLE?
GUESS THAT GOOD MAN ISN'T HERE YET! OH... BUT THERE'S HIS MYSTERY PAINT! HE MUST BE SOMEWHERE AROUND!
I DON'T THINK HE'D MIND IF I AMUSED MYSELF TRYING OUT HIS PAINT WHILE I WAIT FOR HIM!


GOLLY! THIS PAINT IS TERRIFIC! IT'S MAKING THIS LITTLE SHACK LOOK LIKE AN AUTOMOBILE!
YOU HAVE BROUGHT THE TRINKETS, MY FRIEND! GOOD! WE WILL GO IN AND MAKE THE DEAR BOYS HAPPY!
FINE!
WISE GUYS, EH? WHERE'D YOU GET THOSE KID CLOTHES? WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?
WE'D BETTER LOOK 'EM OVER! THEY MAY BE UP TO SOMETHING!
THERE! SEE WHAT I MEAN? SEE HOW THE LADS ARE ABUSED?
OH! HOW AWFUL! LET'S HELP THEM!
BIG BULLIES!
A LITTLE EXPLOSIVE POWDER! JUST WHAT I NEEDED!
A GETAWAY CAR! THE MASTER ARTIST THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING!
WHO? ME?
HI, BOYS! WE JUST GOT A CALL FROM THE BIG BUILDING! HEARD YOU HAD ESCAPED!
OH, THAT ISN'T A CAR! I FORGOT TO TELL YOU, MISTER MASTER ARTIST! I USED YOUR PAINT ON IT!
OH-HHH!

PLASTIC MAN

DOOMBSY'S DOOM

THE gigantic thing rose in the air, hovered for a moment motionless, then crept across the treetops. Its motion was silent, sinister. Its shape was not that of any living creature. It was huge, bloated, with many long gangling legs. A pair of tentacles jutted out from its head, like a monstrous butterfly's antenna. The ghoulish part of it, though, was its eyes—two enormous shining disks, shedding bright red fire.

The thing floated along through the night, veering this way and that, as if in search of some prey, or a soft place to land. It seemed to swell and grow smaller with each eddying breeze.

The trees ended. The thing was now moving out over a large plantation where the sugar cane grew in profusion, the best sugar cane on the whole island of Martinique. Its eyes gleamed redly, balefully. It picked up some speed and fled like a wraith over the softly waving cane.

There was no moon, so only its red eyes were visible. It came down closer the canetops, halted and wavered as if in search of something. Then its course changed slightly and it began its ghostly way again.

Soon a dozen or so tiny fires dotting the darkness came within its range. Its tentacles stiffened. It gained speed.

And then its ugly snout lifted over the low palmetto grove and it slanted downward directly for the campfires. From its interior whistled an eery "Eeee-eee-eee!" loud as a siren.

The Negroes clustered around their fires leaped into the air with terrible shrieks and darted for their shacks, for the jungle, for the canebrakes, anywhere just to get out of the way of the demon.

In a moment the fires were deserted, but the sounds of the fleeing Negroes could be heard now a good quarter-mile off. They were making tracks away from there.

Raoul Danoul, overseer of the big plantation, cocked an ear where he sat on the verandah of the fine planter's house.

"What the devil is that?" he asked.

Yells. Frightful screams. The sounds came from the direction of the Negroes' quarters, and now the yelling drew closer.

"They're coming this way," observed Raoul uneasily. "Suppose the fools have started an uprising?"

Jene Renoit, owner of the plantation, swore under his breath. "If they have—" He left the sentence unfinished, because a half hundred Negroes burst into view, running for their lives toward the bungalow. Even at that distance the whites of their eyes, rolling fearfully, were plainly visible, and that in the dim lights from the windows.

"What the devil do they want?" growled Raoul. He unlimbered his revolver in its side holster.

"Stop!" shouted the owner imperiously.

The foremost of the group came to a halt, falling on their knees.

"O Massa," one of them wailed, "de debbil come. He shore nuff do. He come down to our campfiahs!"

"What are you talking about?" demanded Jene. "Speak up, man. What's this nonsense?"

"It ain' no nonsensicus, Massa. De debbil shore nuff come out de clouds dis night. We'uns ran."

Jene turned to his foreman. "See what you can make of all this, Raoul."

Raoul spoke rapidly in the patois of the West Indian Negro. After a moment he turned to his employer. "Seems that a big gray *thing* with a thousand legs and great red eyes came down at them from the sky. Sounds like a lot of mumbo-jumbo."

Jene said, "Tell 'em to go back to their quarters. I'll look into it tomorrow."

Raoul relayed the order, but the group still stood. The foreman repeated, sternly. They still stood unwavering.

"Do as I tell you!" shouted Raoul, "or it will be the whipping post for you all!"

A huge man stepped forward. "Not us'uns, Massa," he said softly. "We goin' away frum heah—fas'!" He turned and motioned to the others. They vanished into the blackness.

"What the devil do you make of it?" Jene asked. "Think the fools meant that?"

Raoul scratched his head. "I wouldn't worry

about it tonight, sir. I think they'll be there in the morning."

But they were not there in the morning. They had gone, every last one of them. And the harvesting season coming on!

What was worse, Jène Renoit couldn't induce a single Negro to take a job on his plantation. It was jinxed. The devil-devil curse was on it. Demons flew out of the night sky. . .

His cane was drying up under the hot sun and there was nothing he could do about it. He was in a sweat. He offered large wages. Doubled them. Still no one would come forward. Ruin faced him.

Then one day he was in town at one of the better taverns where planters gathered. And he heard a strange story. Hugo Solvang, a Danish planter, had experienced a similar fate. A strange *thing* had crept across the tops of the cane and scared every one of his planters away. He, too, faced certain ruin.

"I'm going to sell out," he told the assemblage. "Hate to do it, after being out here twenty years, but there's nothing else I can do. I'll be wiped out if I can't get help to cut that cane."

Renoit and Solvang compared notes. It sounded like the same business, all right. But what the devil could this *thing* be? Had anyone seen it, except the Negroes?

No one had.

During the next two weeks, three more fine plantations were deserted by their employees, and that made five of the biggest planters on the island holding the bag.

Solvang was the first to be approached by a foreign syndicate to sell out. He accepted, and moved to the States. Next, Cloete van Swerern, the wealthy Dutch planter across the island, succumbed to the foreign syndicate's none-too-good offer. He felt he had to. He was losing a great amount of money on his uncut cane.

Another of the planters sold his holdings.

"I'm not selling," Renoit told Raoul. "I won't sell to a bunch of swindlers like that. I'll lose everything first."

"What do you know about Dr. Doomsby?" Raoul asked Renoit.

"Doomsby? Only that he came to the island about a year ago. Specialist of some kind, I believe. Why?"

Raoul cleared his throat. "I saw that syndicate representative in deep conversation with him this afternoon, at Doomsby's office. They acted rather furtive."

The phone rang inside the house, and soon the boy pattered out saying that Renoit was wanted. He excused himself. He was back in a moment.

"It's over at Baxter's," he said to Raoul. "The so-called thing. Come on. Pick up a couple of rifles. We're going to do some sniping."

When Raoul came out with the rifles, the two started off. It was less than a half mile to Baxter's plantation, adjoining Renoit's. They crept softly the last few hundred yards.

Most of the Negroes had already deserted Baxter's place, but a few hung on. The thing evidently meant to clear them all off.

"Easy," said Renoit. "Look! There it comes."

Sure enough, the bloated monster of the air was floating toward them, its red eyes glowing. Renoit lifted his rifle. The thing veered, started off in another direction. Renoit pressed the trigger.

There was a puff, and the thing collapsed to the ground. Renoit started off at a dead run. Both men could hear a crashing through the cane. A man running at great speed.

"Halt!" cried the Frenchman. He cut loose with a volley.

"Don't shoot!" came a voice out of the cane. In a moment a sheepish looking man cringed out of the shadows and stood, feet shifting, hands lifted. It was a no-account town bum, Heinie.

"You, Heinie!" cried Renoit. "What—"

"They made me do it!" exclaimed the poor fellow, shivering. "Doc an' that furrin feller."

"Uh-huh," said Renoit. "I figured something of the kind. Their trick to get the planters to sell their land. That was a rubber balloon thing you carried, wasn't it, Heinie?"

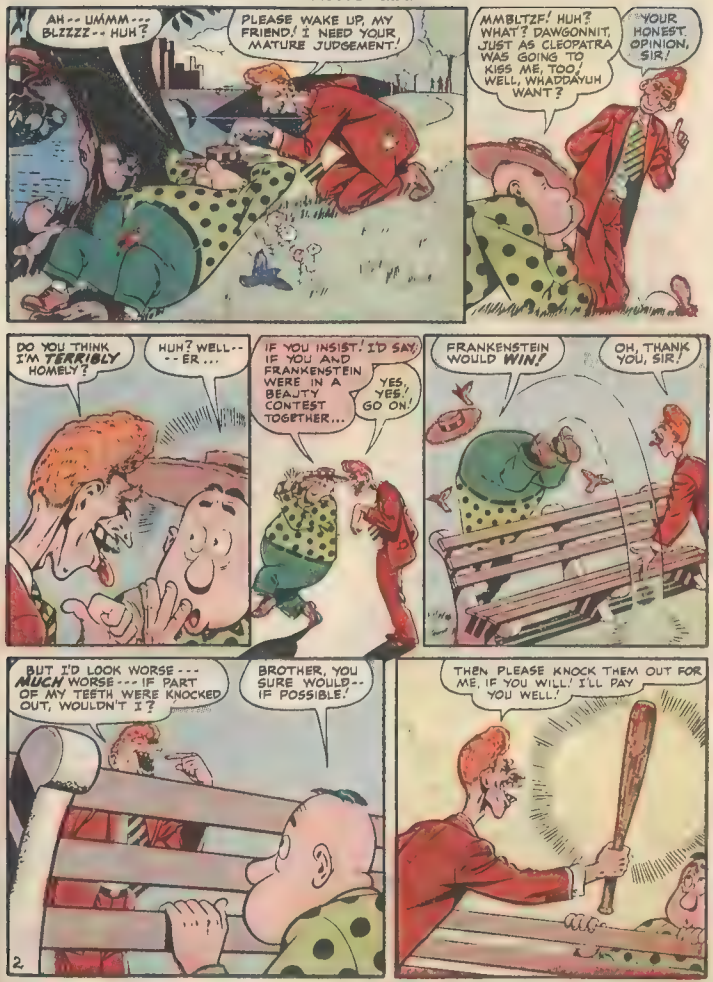
The man nodded.

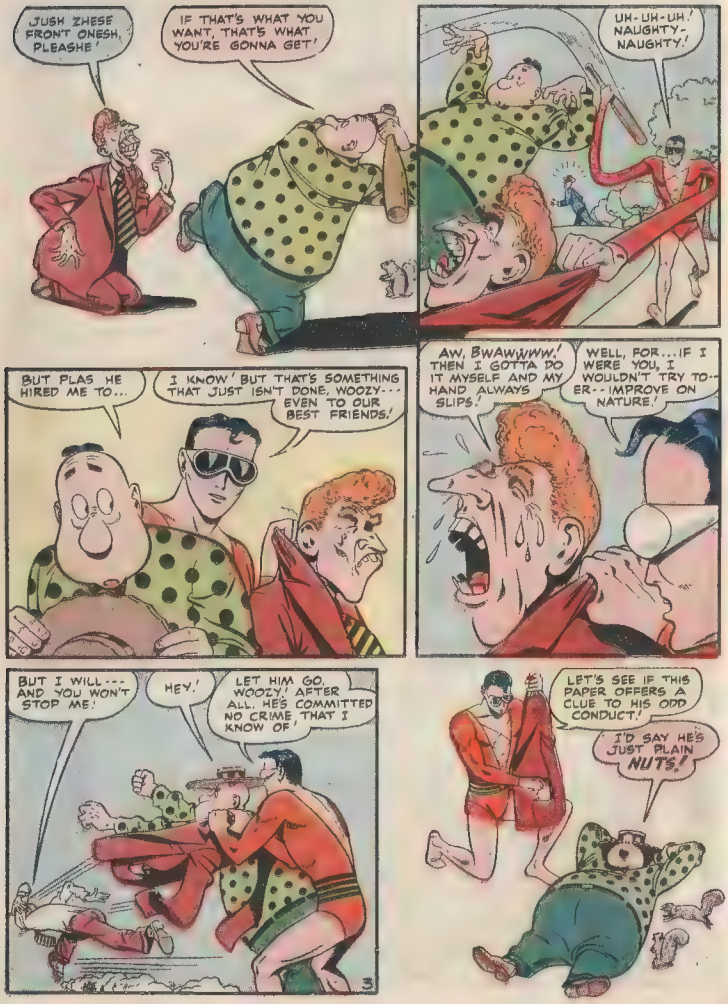
"With two lights and a small whistle device fastened to a rubber which you held in your mouth?" persisted the Frenchman.

"Yeah."

"Well, Heinie," went on Renoit, "you and Raoul and I are going in to town in the morning. We will take the collapsed bag as evidence. I think several planters will like to get their hands on this Dr. Doomsby and the syndicate gentleman. Come on to the house."

PLASTIC MAN
THE HOMELIEST MAN IN THE WORLD
SPLAT
BLIND
MR. UGLEE WAS THE HOMELIEST MAN IN THE WORLD! WHEN HE WAS A BABY, THEY USED HIM TO SCARE ADULTS! WHEN HE BECAME AN ADULT, HE SCARED EVERYBODY!
EVEN PLASTIC MAN TURNED HIS EYES AWAY WHEN HE HAD TO FACE MR. UGLEE AND DESTROY HIS FANTASTIC SCHEME TO BECOME THE HANDSOMEST MAN IN THE WORLD - - - BY COMPARISON!


AH-- UMMM--- BLZZZZ-- HUH?
PLEASE WAKE UP, MY FRIEND! I NEED YOUR MATURE JUDGEMENT!
MMBLTZF! HUH? WHAT? DAWGONNIT, JUST AS CLEOPATRA WAS GOING TO KISS ME, TOO! WELL, WHADDAYUH WANT?
YOUR HONEST OPINION, SIR!
DO YOU THINK I'M TERRIBLY HOMELY?
HUH? WELL-- --ER...
IF YOU INSIST! I'D SAY IF YOU AND FRANKENSTEIN WERE IN A BEAUTY CONTEST TOGETHER...
YES, YES! GO ON!
FRANKENSTEIN WOULD WIN!
OH, THANK YOU, SIR!
BUT I'D LOOK WORSE--- MUCH WORSE--- IF PART OF MY TEETH WERE KNOCKED OUT, WOULDN'T I?
BROTHER, YOU SURE WOULD-- IF POSSIBLE!
THEN PLEASE KNOCK THEM OUT FOR ME, IF YOU WILL! I'LL PAY YOU WELL!
2.

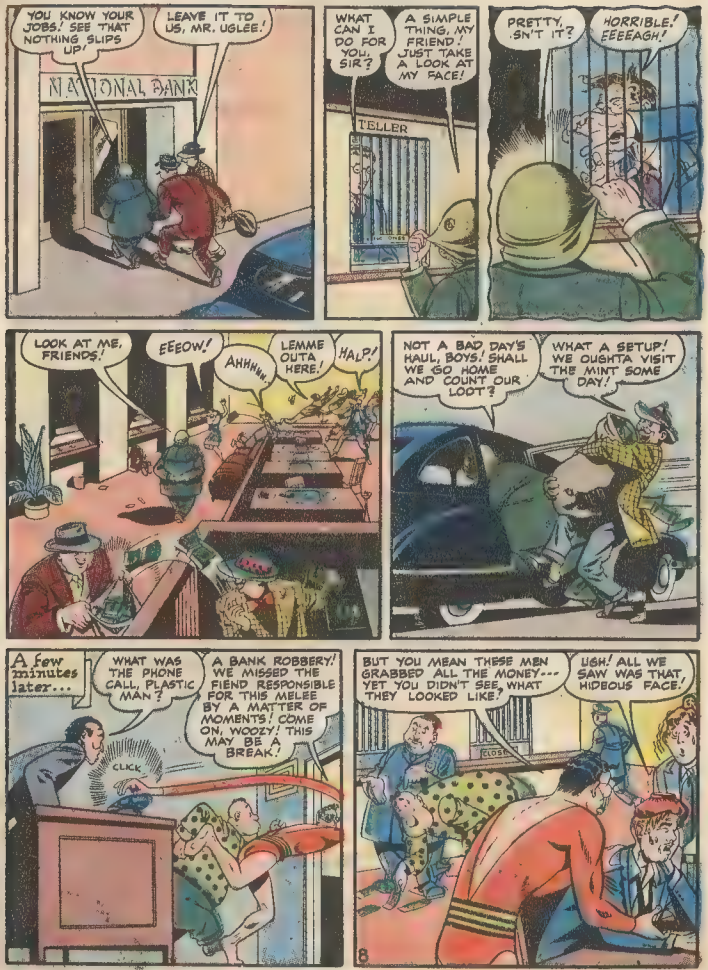

JUSH ZHESE FRONT ONESH, PLEASHE!
IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT, THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE GONNA GET!
UH-UH-UH! NAUGHTY-NAUGHTY!
BUT PLAS HE HIRED ME TO...
I KNOW! BUT THAT'S SOMETHING THAT JUST ISN'T DONE, WOOZY--- EVEN TO OUR BEST FRIENDS!
AW, BWAWWWW! THEN I GOTTA DO IT MYSELF AND MY HAND ALWAYS SLIPS!
WELL, FOR...IF I WERE YOU, I WOULDN'T TRY TO--ER--IMPROVE ON NATURE!
BUT I WILL--- AND YOU WON'T STOP ME!
HEY!
LET HIM GO, WOOZY! AFTER ALL, HE'S COMMITTED NO CRIME THAT I KNOW OF!
LET'S SEE IF THIS PAPER OFFERS A CLUE TO HIS ODD CONDUCT!
I'D SAY HE'S JUST PLAIN NUTS!

DOES IT, PLAS?
HEAVENLY AGNES! I'LL SAY IT DOES! AND IT PROMISES TO TURN THE CITY INTO A MADHOUSE OF MAYHEM! LOOK AT THIS...
IT PAYS TO BE HOMELY!
BY THE WILL OF A LATE MULTI-MILLIONAIRE, HIS ENTIRE ESTATE OF TEN MILLION DOLLARS WILL GO TO THE HOMELIEST MAN IN THE WORLD!
APPLICANTS MUST BE IN THE CITY BY NEXT WEDNESDAY FOR JUDGING!
P.S. THE TEN MILLION DOLLARS WILL BE PAID IN CASH!
TEN MILLION SMACKEROOS! WOWIE!
OF ALL THE HORRIBLE, FANTASTIC, GRUESOME SCHEMES!
WELL, I'LL--ER-- BE SEEIN' YUH--- OOPS!
COME BACK HERE, WOOZY WINKS!
BEFORE YOU GET ANY NOTIONS OF GIVING YOUR FACE A TEN MILLION DOLLAR REDECORATING JOB, LET ME TELL YOU THIS IS A HOAX AND A NASTY ONE!
UH-HUH, PLAS...
DID YOU SAY HOAX?
OBVIOUSLY! THERE'S NO NAME SIGNED TO THIS HANDBILL, NO ADDRESS, NO DATE! IT CAN ONLY BE A GRISLY PRANK OR WORSE!
WHY, THE DIRTY, LOW-DOWN CONNIVING...
WORSE THAN THAT! IF THIS GETS OUT, THERE MAY BE THOUSANDS OF WEAK-MINDED PEOPLE MUTILATING THEMSELVES LIKE THAT FELLOW!

I CAN ONLY HOPE THOSE HANDBILLS WON'T BE WIDELY DISTRIBUTED!
AFRAID YOUR HOPE IS HOPELESS, PLAS! LOOK!
AWRRK! TO THE FBI OFFICE QUICK, WOOZY! WE'RE IN FOR IT NOW!
AW, PLAS, I THINK YOU EXAGGERATE!
SEE WHAT I MEAN, WOOZY?
NOT YOU, TOO, CALLAHAN?
FBI
BELIEVE IT OR NOT, PLAS -- I WALKED INTO A DOOR IN THE DARK!
WE'VE GOT TO FIND WHOEVER'S RESPONSIBLE AND NIP THIS HOAX IN THE BUD, PLAS! THE CITY'LL BECOME A MADHOUSE!
AND EVERY SMART CRIMINAL WILL BEGIN FIGURING ANGLES! IN THE CONFUSION, CRIME WILL RUN RAMPANT! IF I ONLY KNEW WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE!
LET'S JUMP A FEW BLOCKS AND LOOK IN ON THE FIEND RESPONSIBLE...
YOU BOYS DID A NICE JOB OF DISTRIBUTION ON THE BILLS! ANY REACTION YET?
OH, IT'S TERRIFIC, MR. UGLEE! THEY'RE GOIN' NUTS!

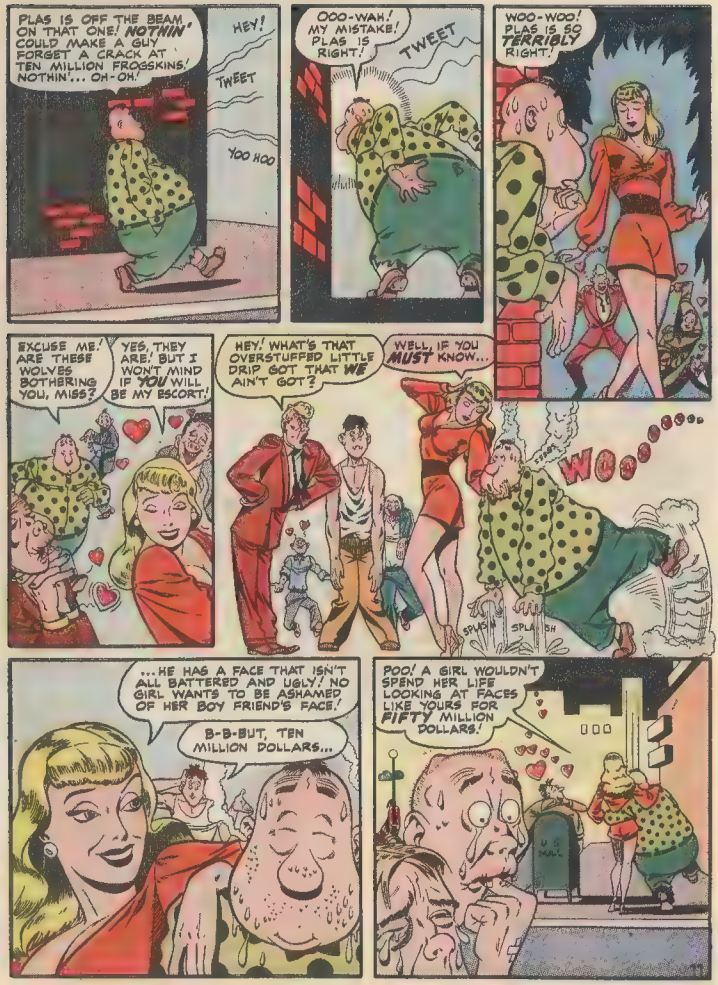
BUT I SURE WISH I KNEW YOUR ANGLE, MR. UGLEE! I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW YOU HAD TEN MILLION BUCKS!
DON'T BE STUPID! I DON'T HAVE! AND IF I DID, I WOULDN'T SPEND IT. THIS WAY! IT'S ALL A VERY CLEVER TRICK!
YOU BOYS CAN'T REALIZE WHAT IT MEANS TO GO THROUGH LIFE SO UGLY PEOPLE SHUDDER AT THE SIGHT OF YOUR FACE, TO BE FORCED TO WEAR THIS HORRIBLE MASK CONSTANTLY, AND TO TREMBLE AT THE SIGHT OF A MIRROR! THE HOMELIEST MAN IN THE WORLD-- ME!
BUT NOT MUCH LONGER! BY THE TIME THOSE FOOLS HAVE BATTERED THEMSELVES TO PIECES, THEY'LL LOOK WORSE THAN I DO NATURALLY!
I GET IT! THEN YOU'LL LOOK HANDSOME BY COMPARISON WITH THEM! YOU MIGHT EVEN END UP THE HANDSOMEST MAN IN THE WORLD!
EXACTLY! AND IN THE CONFUSION, WE'LL BE ABLE TO PULL SOME ENORMOUS ROBBERIES WITH PERFECT SAFETY!
MR. UGLEE, WITH YOUR BRAINS, YOU DON'T EVEN HAVE TO HAVE A FACE!
Meanwhile
POW
ISN'T THIS GHASTLY, WOOZY? IT SHOWS YOU THE WEAKNESS AND FRAILTY OF HUMAN NATURE!
TEN MILLION FISH AIN'T EXACTLY A WEAKNESS, PLAS!
C-A-RACK
BIFF
KUNK
BWAAHH! I WANNA GET MY FACE RUN OVER! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!
I'VE GOT TO TALK TO THESE DELUDED PEOPLE. EXPLAIN TO THEM THAT IT'S ALL A GRUESOME GAG!
GENTLEMEN! GENTLEMEN! LET ME HAVE YOUR ATTENTION FOR ONE MOMENT! THIS IS IMPORTANT!
6

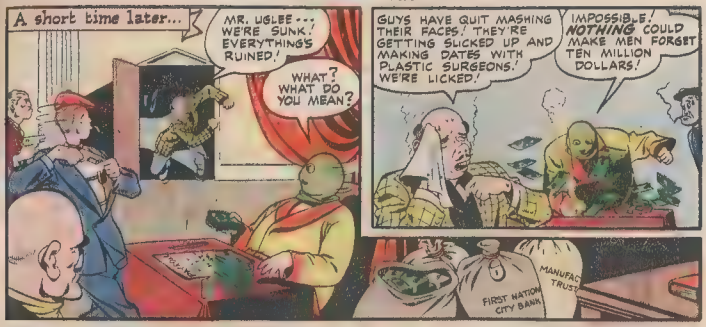
YOU MUST STOP MANGLING YOURSELVES! THERE IS NO TEN MILLION DOLLAR WILL! IT'S ALL A HOAX! YOU'VE BEEN TRICKED!
THAT OUGHTA WAKE 'EM UP, PLAS!
DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO THEM! THE FAT GUY WANTS THE TEN MILLION HIMSELF!
HE'S JUST TRYING TO GET RID OF COMPETITION!
CHEAT!
DOUBLE-CROSSER!!
CROOK!
WE'LL FIX YOU!
PLAS! DO SOMETHING!
ULP! WHAT, FOR INSTANCE?
WAIT! WAIT! IF WE BEAT HIM UP, HE MIGHT LOOK SO BAD HE'D WIN!
HE'S RIGHT! WHY MAKE COMPETITION? LET HIM GO!
WHEW! I WALKED DOWN THE STREET AND TEN WOMEN FAINTED! OH, BOY!
YOU DIDN'T DO SO WELL ON THAT, PLAS!
YOU'RE TELLING ME?
HEY, MR. UGLEE! THERE'S PLASTIC MAN AND HIS STOOGE!
NEVER MIND THEM! IN THIS UPROAR, THEY WON'T KNOW A CRIME'S BEEN COMMITTED UNTIL WE'RE FAR AWAY!


YOU KNOW YOUR JOBS! SEE THAT NOTHING SLIPS UP!
LEAVE IT TO US, MR. UGLEE!
NATIONAL BANK
WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, SIR?
A SIMPLE THING, MY FRIEND! JUST TAKE A LOOK AT MY FACE!
TELLER
PRETTY, ISN'T IT?
HORRIBLE! EEEEAGH!
LOOK AT ME, FRIENDS!
EEEOW!
AHHHHH.
LEMME OUTA HERE!
HALP!
NOT A BAD DAY'S HAUL, BOYS! SHALL WE GO HOME AND COUNT OUR LOOT?
WHAT A SETUP! WE OUGHTA VISIT THE MINT SOME DAY!
A few minutes later...
WHAT WAS THE PHONE CALL, PLASTIC MAN?
A BANK ROBBERY! WE MISSED THE FIEND RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS MELEE BY A MATTER OF MOMENTS! COME ON, WOOZY! THIS MAY BE A BREAK!
CLICK
BUT YOU MEAN THESE MEN GRABBED ALL THE MONEY--- YET YOU DIDN'T SEE WHAT THEY LOOKED LIKE?
UGH! ALL WE SAW WAS THAT, HIDEOUS FACE!
CLOSED
8

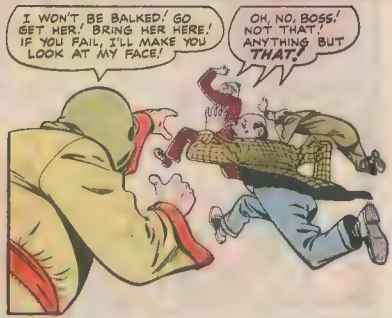
WE'RE NO CLOSER TO ENDING THIS NIGHTMARE THAN BEFORE-- THOUGH WE KNOW THE MAN RESPONSIBLE IS SUPREMELY HOMELY HIMSELF!
HOW D'YUH FIGGER THAT, PLAS?
SPLAT
A MAN THAT UGLY WOULDN'T HAVE TO STEAL -- IF THE CONTEST WERE ON THE LEVEL! HE'D BE A CINCH TO WIN THE TEN MILLION DOLLARS!
BUT SINCE HE ISN'T TRYING, HE MUST KNOW THE CONTEST'S A FAKE, HUH? SMART REASONING, PLAS!
BUT IT DOESN'T PUT US ANY CLOSER TO NAILING OUR MAN!
WHEE! WAIT'LL TUESDAY WHEN THE BANDAGES COME OFF! I'LL WIN BY A WALK-AWAY!
ZIP
EEEEAH! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! HALP!
LOOK, WOOZY!
BUS STOP
HALP! HALP!
HOW'D YUH DO THAT? ACID?
NAW! LET A HORSE STEP ON ME!
EEEEAGH!
OWOOO
SAVED FROM A FACE WORSE THAN DEATH!
9

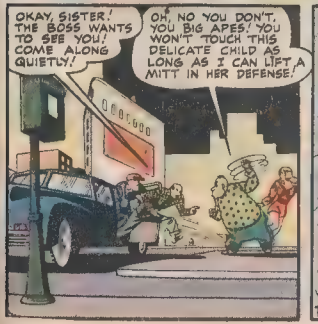
GUNNER GATES! WHAT HAVE YOU TO DO WITH THIS NIGHTMARE?
NOT A THING, PLASTIC MAN! I SWEAR IT! THIS WAS JUST A LITTLE SIDE DEAL!
WE GOT A CANDIDATE FOR THAT PRIZE MONEY WHO'S PRETTY HOMELY-- BUT THIS GUY WAS WORSE!
SO---YOU WERE GOING TO ELIMINATE COMPETITION BY MURDER!
NOT THAT, PLASTIC MAN! HONEST! WE WAS GONNA TAKE THIS GUY TO A DOC AND GET HIS FACE LIFTED SO HE'D BE HANDSOME!
AND RUIN HIS CHANCES OF BEING THE WORLD'S HOMELIEST MAN, EH?
IN THAT CASE, GUNNER, GO RIGHT AHEAD! IT'S THE BEST THING THAT COULD HAPPEN TO HIM!
EEEEEAHHHH!
THANKS, PLASTIC MAN! I'LL DO AS MUCH FOR YOU SOME DAY!
WOOZY I'VE BEEN A FOOL! THE CURE FOR THIS MADNESS IS SO OBVIOUS I OVERLOOKED IT COMPLETELY!
YOU MEAN DRAG 'EM ALL TO A DOC FOR A FACE-LIFTING?
SQASH!
10
NOTHING AS CLUMSY AS THAT! YET I DON'T DOUBT THE RESULT WILL BE A RUSH OF BUSINESS FOR PLASTIC SURGEONS!
IT BETTER BE SOMETHING STRONGER THAN TEN MILLION SMACKEROOS!
IT IS, WOOZY--TAKE MY WORD FOR IT! IT'S PROBABLY THE ONLY FORCE ON EARTH THAT IS! STICK AROUND AND SEE!
I'LL BE AROUND, ALL RIGHT!

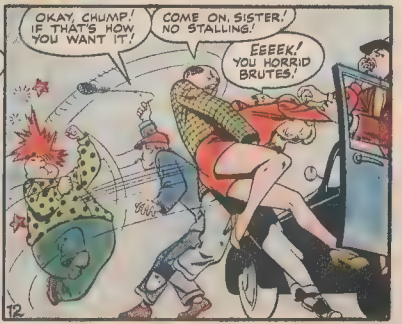

PLAS IS OFF THE BEAM ON THAT ONE! NOTHIN' COULD MAKE A GUY FORGET A CRACK AT TEN MILLION FROGSKINS! NOTHIN'... OH-OH!
HEY!
TWEET
YOO HOO
OOO-WAH! MY MISTAKE! PLAS IS RIGHT!
TWEET
WOO-WOO! PLAS IS SO TERRIBLY RIGHT!
EXCUSE ME! ARE THESE WOLVES BOTHERING YOU, MISS?
YES, THEY ARE! BUT I WON'T MIND IF YOU WILL BE MY ESCORT!
HEY! WHAT'S THAT OVERSTUFFED LITTLE DRIP GOT THAT WE AIN'T GOT?
WELL, IF YOU MUST KNOW...
SPLASH
SPLASH
WOOOOOOOO...
...HE HAS A FACE THAT ISN'T ALL BATTERED AND UGLY! NO GIRL WANTS TO BE ASHAMED OF HER BOY FRIEND'S FACE!
B-B-BUT, TEN MILLION DOLLARS...
POO! A GIRL WOULDN'T SPEND HER LIFE LOOKING AT FACES LIKE YOURS FOR FIFTY MILLION DOLLARS!
U.S. MAIL


A short time later...
MR. UGLEE --- WE'RE SUNK! EVERYTHING'S RUINED!
WHAT? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
GUYS HAVE QUIT MASHING THEIR FACES! THEY'RE GETTING SLICKED UP AND MAKING DATES WITH PLASTIC SURGEONS! WE'RE LICKED!
IMPOSSIBLE! NOTHING COULD MAKE MEN FORGET TEN MILLION DOLLARS!
FIRST NATION CITY BANK
MANUFAC TRUST

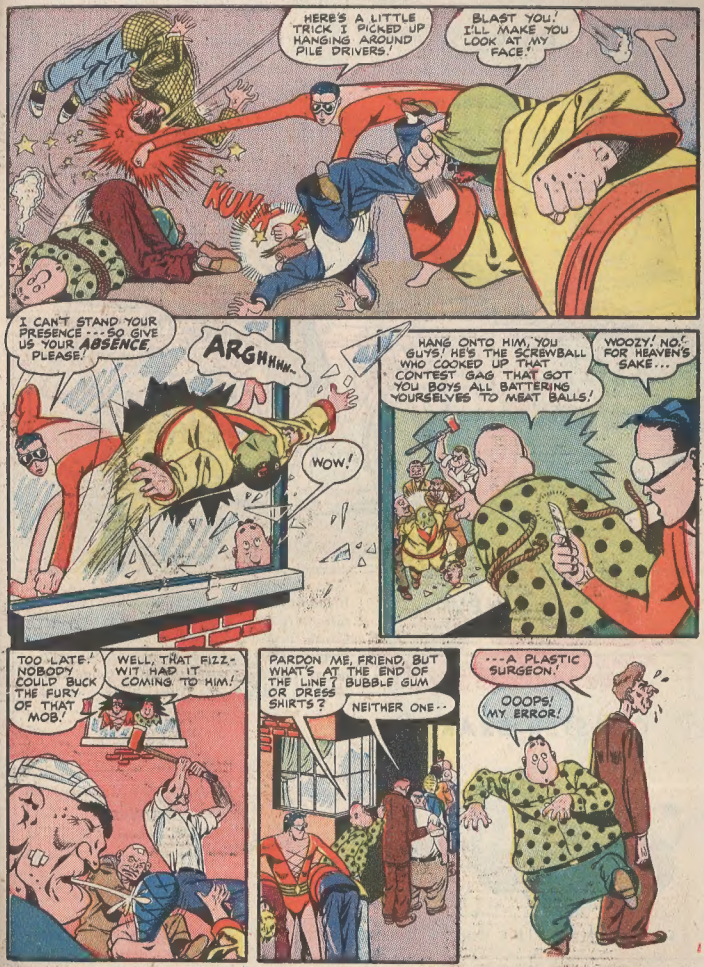
THERE'S ONE THING THAT CAN, AND --- TWEE-TWEEW --- YOU SHOULD SEE IT WALKIN' AROUND, DOING IT!
A WOMAN! SO THAT'S IT!

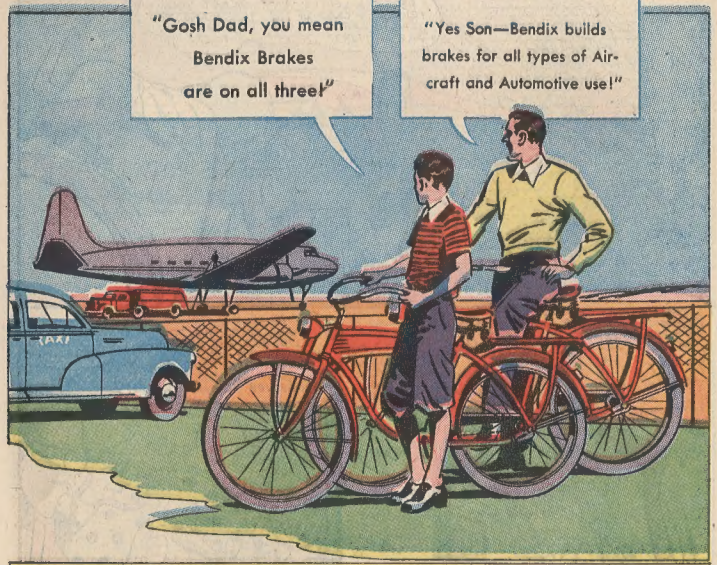

I WON'T BE BALKED! GO GET HER! BRING HER HERE! IF YOU FAIL, I'LL MAKE YOU LOOK AT MY FACE!
OH, NO, BOSS! NOT THAT! ANYTHING BUT THAT!


OKAY, SISTER! THE BOSS WANTS TO SEE YOU! COME ALONG QUIETLY!
OH, NO YOU DON'T YOU BIG APES! YOU WON'T TOUCH THIS DELICATE CHILD AS LONG AS I CAN LIFT A MITT IN HER DEFENSE!


OKAY, CHUMP! IF THAT'S HOW YOU WANT IT!
COME ON, SISTER! NO STALLING!
EEEEK! YOU HORRID BRUTES!

WHAT'LL I DO WITH THIS MONKEY, JASE?
'THAT'S PLASTIC MAN'S STOOGE.' BRING HIM ALONG.' UGLEE'LL WANNA KNOW THE CONNECTION BETWEEN THIS BABE AND PLASTIC MAN.'
A short time later...
SO YOU'RE THE ONE WHO STOPPED THE BOYS FROM MAKING THEMSELVES UGLIER THAN I?
WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO DO WITH ME, YOU BEAST?
KEEP YOU UNDER COVER AND RAISE THE ANTE TO TWENTY MILLION.' THEN WHEN ALL THE OTHER MEN ARE BATTERED TO UGLINESS... YOU'LL FALL IN LOVE WITH ME BECAUSE I'LL BE THE BEST LOOKING MAN IN THE COUNTRY.' HEH-HEH-HEH'
AND AS FOR YOU--I'LL GIVE YOU A LOOK AT MY FACE.'
GO AHEAD, DOUGH-BRAIN.' I'VE GOT A STRONG STUMMICK!
FOR THAT YOU'LL GET A GOOD LOOK...; ULP!;
DON'T, WOOZY.' SOME THINGS ARE TOO HORRIBLE TO BEAR!
PLAS!
YOU'LL PAY FOR THAT TRICK, PLASTIC MAN!
MAYBE.' BUT YOUR COLLECTION METHODS ARE A LITTLE OBSOLETE!


HERE'S A LITTLE TRICK I PICKED UP HANGING AROUND PILE DRIVERS!
BLAST YOU! I'LL MAKE YOU LOOK AT MY FACE!
KUNK
I CAN'T STAND YOUR PRESENCE---SO GIVE US YOUR ABSENCE, PLEASE!
ARGHHHH..
WOW!
HANG ONTO HIM, YOU GUYS! HE'S THE SCREWBALL WHO COOKED UP THAT CONTEST GAG THAT GOT YOU BOYS ALL BATTERING YOURSELVES TO MEAT BALLS!
WOOZY! NO! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE...
TOO LATE! NOBODY COULD BUCK THE FURY OF THAT MOB!
WELL, THAT FIZZ-WIT HAD IT COMING TO HIM!
PARDON ME, FRIEND, BUT WHAT'S AT THE END OF THE LINE? BUBBLE GUM OR DRESS SHIRTS?
NEITHER ONE--
---A PLASTIC SURGEON!
OOOPS! MY ERROR!


"Gosh Dad, you mean Bendix Brakes are on all three!"
"Yes Son—Bendix builds brakes for all types of Aircraft and Automotive use!"
TAXI

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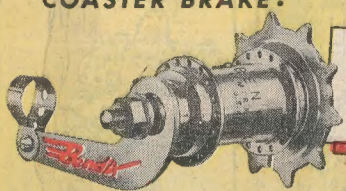
IT STOPS QUICKER



JUST LOOK AT THESE FEATURES

★ Easy to put together and take apart
★ Longer Life ★ Fewer Parts ★ Easier to Pedal
★ Stops Quicker ★ Coasts Longer

ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION of Bendix AVIATION CORPORATION ELMIRA, NEW YORK

What's My Job?—I Manufacture Weaklings into MEN!

Charles Atlas

Actual Photograph of the man who holds the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

GIVE ME a skinny, pepless, second-rate body—and I'll cram it so full of handsome, bulging new muscle that your friends will grow bug-eyed! . . . I'll wake up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered motor! Man, you'll *feel* and *look* different! You'll begin to *LIVE!*

Let Me Make YOU a NEW MAN —IN JUST 15 MINUTES A DAY!

You wouldn't believe it, but I myself used to be a 97-lb. weakling. Fellows called me "Skinny." Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. I was a flop. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"*Dynamic Tension.*" And it turned me into such a *complete* specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on *top of the world* in my big, new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping *other* fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

What Is "Dynamic Tension"? How Does It Work?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astounded at how *short* a time it takes "*Dynamic Tension*" to GET RESULTS!

"*Dynamic Tension*" is the easy, NATURAL method you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell, ripple . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge and your whole body starts to feel "alive" full of zip and go!

One Postage Stamp May Change Your Whole Life!

As I've pictured up above, I'm steadily building broad-shouldered, dynamic MEN—day by day—the country over.

2,000,000 fellows, young and old, have already gambled a postage stamp to ask for my FREE book. They wanted to read and see for themselves how I'm building up scrawny bodies, and how I'm paring down fat, flabby ones—how I'm turning them into breath-taking human dynamos of real MANPOWER.

Take just a few seconds NOW to fill in and mail the coupon at right, and you will receive at once my FREE book—"Everlasting Health and Strength" that PROVES with actual snap-shots what "*Dynamic Tension*" has done for others—what it can do for YOU! Address: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3307, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

FREE

Mail the coupon below right now for my FREE illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about "Dynamic Tension" methods. Crammed with pictures, facts! Address me personally: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 0000, 115 E. 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3307
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "*Dynamic Tension*" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

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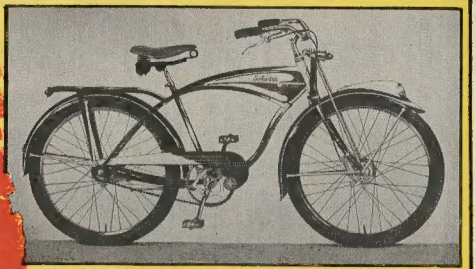
Schwinn-Built Bicycles

SET THE PACE IN FEATURES!



One look tells you . . . you need a sparkling new Schwinn-Built Bicycle to outclass all the rest! Exclusively Schwinn-Built are such pace-setting features as Knee-Action Spring Fork for smoother, easier riding, Tubular Rims for greater strength with less weight, Forewheel Brake for trigger-quick stops, Built-in Kickstand for trouble-free parking, and Cyclelock for built-in theft-protection. Be out in front with America's favorite . . . the precision-engineered Schwinn-Built Bicycles. See your Schwinn dealer . . . today. Look for his name in your Classified Telephone Directory.

1
WHAT'RE YOU DOIN', SPEEDY?
I'VE SET A TRAP FOR THOSE GUYS WHO HAVE BEEN STEALIN BIKES HERE AT TH' SCHOOL YARD
2
THERE ARE SOME GUYS WALKIN' UP TO MY BIKE NOW—HURRY UP, MERILEE • • • GET TH' POLICE!
3
THIS BIKE HAS A CYCLELOCK! I CAN'T—
OH-OH! TH' COPS!
STAND WHERE YOU ARE!
LATER
YOU KIDS HAVE BROKEN UP A GANG OF VICIOUS CRIMINALS — WE'RE PROUD OF YOU
THANKS — BUT IF ALL KIDS HAD SCHWINN BIKES LIKE OURS WITH CYCLELOCKS IT WOULD DISCOURAGE BIKE STEALING

BE SURE TO LOOK FOR THE SCHWINN SEAL OF QUALITY ON THE FRAME BENEATH THE SADDLE

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